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SECRETS OF CABALISM.

IT has been matter of much marvel among casuists why countries far remote, and men wholly unlike in habits and constitution, should have the same superstitions and pastimes:—yet as human nature is every where alike in general, there is no more wonder that its follies should be similar than that trees of the same species should put forth nearly the same kind of blossoms in all climates, though the size and colouring may differ according to the richness of the soil. About the year 1770, a Dutch merchant named Donderdonk settled at New York, and became remarkable alike for the amplitude of his purse and person. Though the Dutch settlers in that colony had very little reverence for poetic fables, they carried with them and cherished all the legends of St. Nicholas, and paid great attention to a custom supposed to have been brought from the ancient isle of Cytherea, authorizing the girls to beat all the boys who ventured abroad on the first of April, and on the second of that month to receive a counter flagellation from any male urchin whose courage was equal to reprisal. Various frolics similar to those practised in Europe among older people, were at this period carefully licenced in New York, and the exceeding capacity of Von Donderdonk's person indicated an equal capacity to endure a jest. On the 1st of April, 1771,

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this gentleman, as usual, took his seat in a commercial coffee-house, and was presently accosted by several of his class and acquaintance. When he moved homewards, they all followed, and till a great crowd of gazers assembled, he was not aware how strangely he was attended by a procession of at least forty persons all nearly of the same rotundity. Finding they had all been collected by cards of invitation to dine with him, he had good nature and good sense enough to give them a very friendly dinner impromptu; but the contrivers of this scene took pains to report that Von Donderdonk held on this day at his house a mysterious meeting of Cabalists, whose persons were enlarged by bladders of air, bags of earth, and tubes of gas, according to Rosicrucian art. Now though it was pretty certain that neither air nor water had much share in the elements of his large company's composition, Donderdonk was not free from general suspicion of a tendency to occult science. He was very fond of believing that the Free-masonry cultivated in New York was a branch of that secret school which amused and frightened Europe more than six centuries. And as he was clearly convinced that the disciples of Paracelsus and Hermes had made great advances towards the great discovery of transmuting certain metals into gold, his love of gelt stimulated his zeal for science.

There was then in New York a sort of supernumerary or factitious lodge of Free-masons, who affected, under the seal of the most profound secrecy, to initiate novices into the true Eleusinian mysteries of their craft without the pre-ludes and delays of elder brethren. This whimsical fraternity held occult correspondence with a man in high office, whose frugal habit of carrying his negro boy behind him on the same horse gave great offence to decorous magistrates, and food for much conjecture to Mynheer Donderdonk, who conceived this personage's black page must be no less than such an imp as the great Cabalist Paracelsus kept in his sword's pommel. This idea redoubled his zeal to be one of the initiated among the Free Brothers. After much ceremony and many bribes his wish was granted; but whether he learned the art of building arches without a keystone, which ancient masons are said to have made the true secret of their brotherhood, or whether he was taught the sublimer art of changing himself into any element he pleased, like a Rosicrucian, will never be known. But it is certain that his personal circumference was reduced at least one half, and seemed composed of much lighter particles; and the mere sound of a Freemason's symbol in a workman's hand, or the sight of their mystic triangle, made his face peak itself into at least as many acute points. But he nursed in his mind such a spirit of revenge as Dutchmen are famed for shewing; and as the little lean personage who rode with his black page *en croupe* had been the chief cause of his initiation, he singled him out as the subject of his slow and silent vengeance.

The separation of America from her mother-country caused the dispersion of nearly all the special lodge of Free Brothers,* and the grand master was supposed to have migrated to the continent of Europe, where various vicis-

situdes conducted him at last as a bookseller to Berlin. But his taste and skill in literature, and a spirit of research which poverty could not suppress, gave him a kind of fame among the itinerant collectors and Jew-brokers frequent at continental fairs. By one of these far-dealing travellers his name was brought to the ear of his ancient enemy, who gave such instructions to his Prussian correspondent as he thought likely to ripen his plan of retaliation. This correspondent was a banker of some note, acquainted with many state-secrets, the keys of which are usually of gold or steel. He was the agent of a fraternity said to be Freemasons, but in reality a knot of literary conspirators, aiding and aided by those daring wits and politicians whose axes were then laid at the root of ancient governments. They were in quest of a credulous enthusiast fit to act a part in a necromantic farce designed to dupe one of their patrons. Von Donderdonk represented the quondam Freemason as a most convenient tool, and his friend the banker described him to the Secret Society accordingly.

In the dead hour of a cold midnight Schimelpenink as the American brother now called himself, was seized at the entrance of his obscure lane, blindfolded and carried through sundry winding streets and passages till a sharp fresh air informed him he was in some large or uninclosed space. A loosening purposely permitted in the bandage over his eyes allowed him to see several muffled figures passing and repassing in such attire as might grace an Auto-da-fè. A hollow voice very near his ear began by asking if he had repented all his sins, or how many remained to repent. Famine and persecution had wrought hardly on the poor American's nerves, and he bethought himself with some remorse of the mummeries he had practised under the sacred symbol of Freemasonry. His joints slackened

* This merry fraternity of college-youths was well known to the gallant and amiable General H-m-lt-n, to John J—, and his cousin the Bishop-elect of New York, of whom McFingal, the American Hudibras, says,

"Next V—d—ll, that poetic zealot,
I see a lawn bedizen'd prelate."

and his hair, if age had spared any, might have realized the tale of Mr. Ledupee's, which a single night made grey. The familiars who seemed to know and resent the impositions he had practised in their semblance, deposited him in a stone sarcophagus, desiring him to commune with his conscience and prepare himself to learn those cabalistic secrets he had mimicked and profaned. Now though a frightened man has seldom any curiosity, he is apt to be very conscientious; and two hours confinement in cold and darkness added to hunger, created all the terrors the Secret Society could desire. Two of their servitors raised him from the stone cistern, covered with the dews of agony, and commanded him to ascend the ladder of three thousand steps by which the Illuminati ascend into the presence of that omniscient eye selected for their symbol from Hindoo mythology. Supported by these two, and in the utmost tribulation of spirit, poor Schimelpenink toiled up his endless ascent, tottering, trembling, and beseeching the merciful care of his guides. The buzz of voices which had sounded close to his ear at first, became gradually fainter till it seemed lost in distance; and the thin sharp air which met his face announced his approach to the intense cold of the upper regions. His terror and convulsive shiverings became too intolerable for mortal strength to bear or see; and a sudden burst of hideous sounds, which appeared to his strained fancy like the cackle of demons, but was in part only an explosion of uncontrollable laughter from many mouths, so harrowed his nerves that he fell from his dizzy height over the two stools, which formed the ladder, in a deep swoon. "This fellow will do for us," said the cabalist whose office had been to place the stools alternately under the feet of their dupe. "He will need neither syrup of borage, nor John of Munster's lectures to make him mad. Let our Electro-magus make ready his magic lantern, and he will see and say what we please when our other novice arrives to be instructed."

This charitable philosopher immediately called for his comrade's assist-

ance, and deposited our American in a sack for further use, in a dry corner of an outer chamber ventilated by a large grate in the wall. The air or the motion of the sack, for it was not too rigidly tied, had just begun to recal Schimelpenink's breath, and his mind was in a frightful dream of demons and inquisitors, when his eyes opened and beheld a little lean man dressed exactly like himself, looking into the mouth of the sack. The frightened scholar began a prayer in a curious mixture of Saxon, Arabic, and modern Greek, till his apparition interrupted him. "Mutter no exorcisms to me—I am thy good genius. Creep out of that grate and into thy garret silently like a true American Musquash, and let me get into thy sack." Schimelpenink climbed more like a wild cat than the dull animal his visitor named, and was out of sight in the twinkling of an eye. The new occupier of the sack rolled himself up in the least compass possible and remained quite still in his corner till the servitor of the Secret Society took him on his back and thrust him into the cavity of a closet from whence he heard the muttered dialogue of the familiars.

"Will he not shrink, think you?"

"There is no fear—he is a thorough believer in Hermetic craft, and as our banker tells me, has the rarest dreams we could devise when his head is properly stirred."

"But if our patron should insist on questioning him?"

"Let him answer for himself—he has heard strange things and will say he has seen the Millennium. Could you not see how his imagination travelled when he thought himself going up the ladder, and you blew the great bellows in his face?"

The agent of the Cabalists could not forbear a fit of laughing—"Well, I have some curiosity myself to know what account he will give of the upper regions which he was so afraid to stay in. Let us take him out of his corner and give him a little celestial refreshment." The sack was accordingly placed upright on a table, the muffled

head allowed to come forth above it, and a few ambrosial pastilles burned near the nose. This ceremony over, the sack was again drawn loosely up, and a voice made powerful by a large silver tube, spoke from the lower part of the academic hall.

"Where hast thou been?"

"In the air," replied the occupier of the sack in a tremulous voice.

"What hast thou seen there?"

"All that are hanging, all that *may*, and all that *shall* be hanged."

This reply rather startled the examiner, but he consulted his formula and proceeded.

"What sawest thou upon earth?"

"The foolish, the half-wise, and the all-wise."

"Who are they?"

"The foolish are the women of this world—the half-wise are their husbands, and the all-wise is I myself." There was another buzz at this reply, but it expressed approbation, and the clerk of the society resumed his questions. "If thou art all-wise, thou knowest what the King of Prussia does at this moment?"

"He is thinking of an ugly, lean, ungrateful Frenchman, with a hawk's nose, a viper's eye, and a tongue like a salamander, for it dwells in nothing but heart-burning. The rogue has made himself the King's confidante, and the King intends to make him his old clothes' merchant and patcher of loose shreds."

A pause of silence was broken by a shrill voice asking—"What sawest thou in Geneva?"—The sack replied—"A mad man writing letters to posterity, which the postmaster-general Time will never deliver. Moreover, he is preaching humanity, but leaving his children to the Foundling Hospital; and striving to educate men as if nature had not made fools enough. But he has some good in him for he hates Voltaire."

"What will the King of Prussia say to the Calvinistic curate who has asked

preferment at Neufchatel?"—"Tarry at Jericho till thy beard is grown: and he will give the same answer to young philosophers."

"Ask him," said a whispering female voice, "what the witty, the beautiful, and the celebrated Madame De——d is now saying to the minister of the Bavarian court?" As if the ears of the oracle in the sack had been sharpened by blindfolding his eyes, the instant answer was—"They are saying nothing—the lady sits with her feet on the fender—the gentleman with his eyes on his snuff-box, both yawning at their ease. Because they were ridiculous forty years ago in each other's company, they think it their duty to be dull no where else now."

"If thou hast seen all things," resumed the inquisitor in a more solemn tone, "thou hast seen our brothers in France. What do they to-night?"

"They are quarrelling over the blue bib of the little Dauphin,* and his cousin of Orleans swears it shall be a crimson one ere long. A cup of brandy given to a drunken courier, saved Monk's head, and restored Charles of England: a scarlet feather placed in a coquettish woman's cap, cost Peter of Russia his crown and determined his vixen-wife to be an empress: an affront to a printer in green spectacles lost America to England; and a courtesan's lock of yellow hair may split the alliance of the Illuminated. They are debating now whether Monsieur Necar's daughter or himself ought to be prime-minister."

"How will the debate end?"

The voice changed slightly and replied in a low and deep tone—"None present here will see!—There are men of high souls and women of rare beauty holding council to-night on the fate of Europe—It will be with them in twenty years as it will be with all that inhabit this world in a century. Of all that exist now upon this earth when the hundredth anniversary returns, only a few helpless wretches will remain—but

* The cordon bleu was put on the late Dauphin in the cradle.

of that divan before the twentieth year is past, there will be but one!—I shall not live to tell you this again.”*

A profound and long silence followed, and the secret council looked upon each other with conscious dismay and a deeper feeling of superstitious awe in themselves than they had hoped to create in others. Presently there was considerable hurry and commotion as if some great drama was rehearsing, and the muffled prisoner was suddenly placed near a crevice in a dark curtain and desired to tell what he discerned through it. There was a slight shivering in his envelope and he muttered to himself “*Dans peu de tems je te r'approchera!*” Then replacing instantly the bandage over his face, he said to the audience—“I see the shadow of a woman whom a misjudged father sacrificed, forgetting that generous men never cease to love what is persecuted:—and I see a likeness of a thoughtless boy who pleased his Prince by calling himself his faithful Diaphané, and had not wit enough to escape the gallows by forsaking him. I also see a blue-eyed man who would have been unhappy if they had not died, for he might not else have had the pleasure of believing two people loved him.” “Who is that blue-eyed man?” was asked by many voices. The orator in the sack replied. “He is a prince who loves war and snuff, and hates women as much as the gallant Prince de Condé feared the sound of his mistress’s high shoe-heels, after she had wounded him with his own sword which she mistook for a long turkey’s feather. He has kept Voltaire to tickle

and keep him awake, but begins to think a hair from any other old fox would do as well. He gave D’Alembert a snuff-box because it was too little for a king after a fop had dipped his fingers in it. He laughs to see Rousseau making himself and the editor of the St. James’s Chronicle believe that Frederic the Great is afraid of him. As if it was any shame to be libelled by a man who would slander his Creator if he knew him!”

“Thou hast not yet answered our former question fully;” rejoined the agent of the assembly in a raised tone—“What employs the King of Prussia on this day?”

“This morning,” replied the invisible speaker, “he was conjugating the verb *Ennui* at *Sans-souci*—I am tired, thou art tired, he is tired, &c.—this evening, he has devised a new amusement and has ordered his serjeant-major to give a hundred lashes each to about forty gentlemen who are meddling in what does not concern them.” As he spoke, he dropped the bandage, the sack, and the threadbare coat that covered his favourite uniform, and they saw Frederic the Great himself. His blue eye had something paralyzing in it, for those who might have attempted escape stood stupidly gazing while the serjeant of the guards entered to execute their sentence. It was fulfilled with great impartiality, upon the spot in the presence of the King, who dismissed the cabalists very good humouredly after their flagellation, saying he had given them *another secret* to keep.

V.

(New Monthly Magazine.)

DISASTROUS ATTEMPT TO ASCEND MONT BLANC.

[Concluded.]

ON the whole, we amused ourselves so well, that the evening again surprised us before we were aware, and we were obliged to hasten our arrangements for the night. Having learned wisdom by experience, I now disposed myself with my head to the rock and

my feet to the precipice; and though we were thus exceedingly cramped for room, and Dr. Hamel and myself shared the same knapsack for a pillow, yet, on the whole, I reposed much better. The evening of this day being also rainy, we reserved our fireworks

* M. Laharpe records a similar prophecy. All Europe knows how well it has been verified.

for the following one, to celebrate our return ; but about two o'clock in the morning we saw the stars through the apertures of our canvass, though the fog still seemed rising from the valley. We were thus kept in suspense until five o'clock, when the sun, silvering with its rays the summit of the mountain, appeared, as it were, to invite us onward. The guides were now eager to proceed, and our whole party shared in their ardour, with one exception. M. Sellique had passed a rather sleepless night, during which he had made it out completely to his own satisfaction, that a married man had a sacred and imperious call to prudence and caution where his own life seemed at all at stake ; that he had done enough for glory in passing two nights, in succession, perched on a crag like an eagle ; and that it now became him, like a sensible man, to return to Geneva, while return was yet possible. All our remonstrances proving ineffectual, though an allusion to his new barometer was not forgotten, we left him, with two of the guides, in possession of our tent at the Grand Mulet. These men were persuaded much against their inclination, to forego the pleasure of continuing the ascent, and thus adding to their reputation as guides. Two of them who had never been on the summit, and who were, therefore, selected as more proper to remain, actually refused. These were Pierre Balmat and Auguste Tairray, whose names will appear again in the sequel. Our party was now reduced to eleven, a number sufficiently large at this period of ascent ; and we set off again in much the same order as at first : the tent, however, and the ladder, with all the heavy baggage, were left behind. One blanket only was taken, which was to serve as a carpet during our halt for breakfast on the Grand Plateau*. We were clothed much warmer than on the first day, but yet so as not to encumber our march. The head and neck were well secured, and we each carried a double veil of green crape, to be tied

over our faces as soon as the sun should become troublesome. Almost all the danger was now considered as surmounted. The difficulty, it is true, increased with every step as we rose into a rarer atmosphere, and our path was occasionally very steep. The snow, however, was just of the right consistency, as we continued to mount the successive slopes. The guides marched in front alternately, the first being, of course, the most laborious place, for we all trod precisely in the same steps, which thus soon became firm enough to support our weight without yielding.

At twenty minutes past eight we arrived at the Grand Plateau, where the rug was soon spread, and we were glad to repose for a few minutes. From this height we had a most magnificent view of the scenery below. The morning fog having been gradually dissolved, we now saw every thing with the utmost distinctness. Hitherto we had seen nothing beneath us but a tranquil sea of white clouds, pierced here and there by the summit of some elevated crag, which appeared like an island in the midst of the deep ; but now the whole valley was thrown open to our sight. We had a distinct view of the Lake of Geneva and the heights beyond : while the ridge of the Jura bounded the panorama to the west. The Aiguille du Midi, which, during the early part of our ascent, had seemed to vie in height with Mont Blanc itself, now lay at our feet. The Dome de Gouté, on our right was still a little above us ; and we saw several avalanches, which had fallen from thence during the night. The summit of the mountain was before us, and to our experienced eyes promised us many a weary step to reach it. Indeed we now, for the first time, had a clear view of its enormous height, seeing it raise itself so far above all the neighbouring summits. We had not as yet, suffered much from the difficulty of respiration, partly from the steady, deliberate step with which we continued to ascend. Though we felt no great appetite, yet,

* A name bestowed upon the last of three level spaces, which succeed one another, after as many steep slopes in the interval between the Grand Mulet and the Dome de Gouté, the western shoulder of the mountain. Saussure slept on the second of these the first night of his ascent.

at the urgent intreaties of the guides, who assured us that we should feel it absolutely impossible to eat as we advanced higher up, we finished two more of the chickens. The lemonade proved much more acceptable, for we had now arrived at a high state of fever, and our thirst was incessant. Our spirits, however, were still good, and we sincerely pitied our timorous friend below, who, we doubted not, had long since repented of his resolution. About nine o'clock we resumed our march, with the expectation of reaching the summit at half-past eleven, and without another regular halt.

The guides, David Couttet (brother to Joseph) and Pierre Carrier, were in front alternately, for the labour now became so great, that they were obliged to relieve one another perpetually. I followed second in the line, rarely so far behind as third; Dr. Hamel was in the rear of the party, and H—— about the middle. We were soon obliged to lower our green veils to shield us both from the cold wind and the glare of the sun upon the snow—in addition to which my companions had green spectacles. Perhaps the most impressive feature in our present situation was the perfect, and almost appalling silence, which prevailed. Even the buzzing of an insect would have been a relief. This, together with the absence of all traces of animal life, (for we had seen no quadruped since the goats of *chalêt*, and not even a bird had appeared to remind us of the possibility of any ærial visitant), was something altogether new to us. On no former occasion had we ever found the idea of solitude brought so home to our imaginations, as when amid these vast wastes, we felt ourselves shrink into comparative insignificance by the side of the stupendous objects in our view. We now also began to feel, rather painfully, the effect of the rarity of the air, being obliged to stop every five minutes to recover our breath; and in a short time we found even this too seldom, and three minutes' progress completely exhausted us. At these intervals we turned round, raised our veils, bent down our heads, and, leaning on our poles, absolutely

gasped for the space of half a minute. Before the minute had elapsed we were in a condition to proceed. Under these circumstances we advanced in complete silence, finding that we had no breath to spare, and that, in consequence of the rarity of the air, it required a great effort to make ourselves heard. The sky above us appeared of a very dark blue, almost approaching to black, while in the horizon it retained its ordinary appearance. Occasionally a slight drift of snow from the summit obliged us to turn our backs for a few moments; but on the whole, we found our progress, at this part of the ascent, easier than at any former period since we had embarked upon the snow. We were all “full of hope and joy at seeing ourselves so near the end of our laborious journey. The glorious weather which prevailed, the awful stillness which reigned around, and the pure celestial air which we inhaled, gave birth in our souls to feelings which are never experienced in these lower regions.”

After having proceeded an hour and a quarter according to our usual method, in a ziz-zag course, in the direction of the summit, and having at length reached the level of the *Dome de Gouté*, still at some distance on our right, we suddenly made an obtuse angle to the left, and thus leaving the *Dome* behind us, directed our course towards the eastern shoulder of the mountain, called by the guides the *Mont Maudit*. On our arrival there, we were to make one more bend to the right, and this last tack, to use a nautical phrase, would conduct us to the summit. In turning the corner of the *Mont Maudit*, we expected to incur some difficulty; but it was the last, the ascent from thence to the summit, being very gradual. In encountering these *mauvais pas*, as the guides call them, recourse was to be had to the ropes, to attach ourselves together by threes in a party; but, as this passage was a work of five or ten minutes only, we did not anticipate much danger; or rather, it was hardly possible to think of danger, with the end of all our toils so full in our view. We were now scarcely 400 yards below the level of the summit,

and expected to reach it in less than an hour. During our halt for breakfast, Dr. Hamel had prepared two billets, to be attached to the wings of the carrier-pigeon, as soon as we should have reached the summit. We were fearful that the great rarity of the air would prevent its supporting itself on the wing; and we were, at the same time, curious to see whether it would find its way back to Bonneville, a town which we had passed through between Geneva and St. Martin, where its mate was fruitlessly expecting it. We felt an interest in the fate of this poor animal, as well as in that of its companion the fowl, both of which had shared our provisions during the whole of the ascent, and afforded us considerable amusement by the way.* Their carriage was an old kettle on the back of one of the guides, having a hole in it which served them for a window. Through this aperture they occasionally reconnoitred the country, or demanded food; but a gust of cold wind soon compelled them to withdraw their heads again. A bottle of our best wine had been reserved to drink on the summit to the health of the King and the Emperor Alexander, as well as to the memory of Saussure. H—— and myself, during a short absence of Dr. H. were even arranging between us the *etiquette* of precedence between the two monarchs, and calculating the possibility of a battle on that subject on the summit, in which case the odds were in our favour.

About twenty minutes after the change in our direction above alluded to, the difficulty of breathing gradually increasing, and our thirst being incessant, I was obliged to stop half a minute to arrange my veil; and the sun being at that moment partially concealed by a cloud, I tucked it up under the large straw hat which I wore. In this interval my companion H—— and three of the guides passed me, so that I was now sixth in the line, and of course the centre man. H—— was next before me; and as it was the first time we had been so circumstanced during the whole morning, he remarked it, and said we

ought to have one guide at least between us, in case of accident. This I over-ruled by referring him to the absence of all appearance of danger at that part of our march, to which he assented. I did not then attempt to recover my place in front, though the wish more than once crossed my mind, finding, perhaps, that my present one was much less laborious. To this apparently trivial circumstance I was indebted for my life. A few minutes after the above conversation, my veil being still up, and my eyes turned at intervals towards the summit of the mountain, which was on the right, as we were crossing obliquely the long slope above described, which was to conduct us to the Mont Maudit, the snow suddenly gave way beneath our feet, beginning at the head of the line, and carried us all down the slope to our left. I was thrown instantly off my feet, but was still on my knees and endeavouring to regain my footing, when, in a few seconds, the snow on our right, which was of course above us, rushed into the gap thus suddenly made, and completed the catastrophe by burying us all at once into the mass, and hurrying us downwards towards two crevasses about a furlong below us, and nearly parallel to the line of our march. The accumulation of snow instantly threw me backwards, and I was carried down, in spite of all my struggles. In less than a minute I emerged, partly from my own exertions, and partly because the velocity of the falling mass had subsided from its own friction. I was obliged to resign my pole in the struggle, feeling it forced out of my hand. A short time afterwards, I found it on the very brink of the crevasse. This had hitherto escaped our notice, from its being so far below us, and it was not until some time after the snow had settled, that I perceived it. At the moment of my immerging, I was so far from being alive to the danger of our situations, that on seeing my two companions at some distance below me, up to the waist in snow, and sitting motionless and silent, a jest was rising

* They were both lost in the subsequent calamity.

to my lips, till a second glance shewed me that, with the exception of Mathieu Balmat, they were the only remnants of the party visible. Two more, however, being those in the interval between myself and the rear of the party, having quickly reappeared, I was still inclined to treat the affair, rather as a perplexing though ludicrous delay, in having sent us down so many hundred feet lower, than in the light of a serious accident, when Mathieu Balmat cried out that some of the party were lost, and pointed to the crevasse, which had hitherto escaped our notice, into which, he said, they had fallen. A nearer view convinced us all of the sad truth. The three front guides, Pierre Carrier, Pierre Balmat, and Auguste Tairray, being where the slope was somewhat steeper, had been carried down with greater rapidity and to a greater distance, and had thus been hurried into the crevasse, with an immense mass of snow upon them, which rose nearly to the brink. Mathieu Balmat, who was fourth in the line, being a man of great muscular strength, as well as presence of mind, had suddenly thrust his pole into the firm snow beneath, when he felt himself going, which certainly checked, in some measure, the force of his fall. Our two hindermost guides were also missing, but we were soon gladdened by seeing them make their appearance, and cheered them with loud and repeated hurrahs. One of these, Julien Devouassoux, had been carried into the crevasse, where it was very narrow, and had been thrown with some violence against the opposite brink. He contrived to scramble out without assistance, at the expense of a trifling cut on the chin. The other, Joseph Marie Couttet, had been dragged out by his companions, quite senseless, and nearly black from the weight of snow which had been upon him. In a short time, however, he recovered. It was long before we could convince ourselves that the others were past hope, and we exhausted ourselves fruitlessly, for some time, in fathoming the loose snow with our poles. When the sad truth burst upon us, our feelings may,

perhaps, be conceived, but cannot be expressed. The first reflection made involuntarily by each of us—"I have caused the death of those brave fellows," however it was afterwards over-ruled in our calmer moments, was then replete with unutterable distress. We were separated so far from one another by the accident, that we had some distance to come before we could unite our endeavours. The first few minutes, as may be readily imagined, were wasted in irregular and unsystematic attempts to recover them. At length, being thoroughly convinced, from the relative positions of the party when the accident happened, that the poor fellows were indeed in the crevasse, at the spot pointed out by Mathieu Balmat, the brother of one of them—in our opinion, only one thing remained to be done, and that was to venture down upon the snow which had fallen in, and, as a forlorn hope, to fathom its unknown depths with our poles. After having thus made every effort in our power for their recovery, we agreed to abandon the enterprise altogether, and return to the Grand Mulet. The guides having in vain attempted to divert us from our purpose, we returned to the crevasse, from which, during the consultation, we had separated ourselves to a short distance, and descended upon the new-fallen snow. Happily it did not give way beneath our weight. Here we continued, above a quarter of an hour, to make every exertion in our power for the recovery of our poor comrades. After thrusting the poles in to their full length, we knelt down and applied our mouth to the end, shouting along them, and then listening for an answer, in the fond hope that they might be still alive, sheltered by some projection of the icy walls of the crevasse; but, alas! all was silent as the grave, and we had too much reason to fear, that they were long since insensible, and probably at a vast depth beneath the snow on which we were standing. We could see no bottom to the gulf on each side of the pile of snow on which we stood; the sides of the crevasse were here, as in other places, solid ice, of a cerulean

colour, and very beautiful to the eye. Two of the guides, our two leaders, had followed us mechanically to the spot, but could not be prevailed upon to make any attempts to search for the bodies. One of these soon proposed to us to continue the ascent. This was Marie Couttet, who had escaped so narrowly with his life; but Julien Devouassoux loudly protested against this, and resolutely refused to advance. Whether or not we could have prevailed on a sufficient number to accompany us to the summit, I cannot say; but we did not bring the point to trial, having now no room left in our minds for any other idea than that of the most bitter regret. I hardly know whether we should then have felt sufficient interest to lead us a hundred yards onwards, had that been the only remaining interval between us and the summit. Had we recovered our lost companions, I am sure the past danger would not have deterred us; but to advance under present circumstances, required other hearts than ours. I believe those who condemn us for having abandoned the enterprise when so near to its accomplishment, (and many have done so) refer all our reluctance to personal fear; but this is a charge from which we do not feel very anxious to clear ourselves. We had soon to encounter a much more serious imputation of an opposite character, that of undue rashness, in persisting in the ascent after the bad weather we had experienced. The best refutation of this charge may be seen in the *procès verbal*, held the following morning by the municipal officer, on occasion of the unhappy catastrophe. I was anxious to procure a copy of this important document before we left the Prieuré; but this being against custom, we made a singular application to the magistrate at Bonneville, the head-quarters of the district. He was obliging enough to forward a copy to each of us, to our address at Geneva. Had this arrived earlier, we should have been spared some very painful scenes in that city; where, by the industry of M. Sellique, some very injurious reports were soon in circulation against us. The reluctance ex-

pressed by the guides on our proposing to set off the preceding day, arose not so much from the danger they anticipated as from a conviction that our object in the ascent would be defeated by the cloudiness of the weather. As the same wind continued, they anticipated rain, which would have incommoded us exceedingly; but on the third morning all their objections seemed at once to vanish, and they were all so eager to proceed, that, as was observed above, we found some difficulty in selecting two to remain behind at the Grand Mulet.

To return to our narrative. All our endeavours proving fruitless, we at length tore ourselves from the spot, towards which we continued to direct many a retrospective glance, in the vague hope of seeing our poor companions re-appear, and commenced our melancholy descent. After a silent march of nearly three hours, which we performed not as before, in one unbroken line, but in detached parties, Dr. Hamel being at some distance behind and H—— in the front, we regained the Grand Mulet, where we found our tent just as we had left it in the morning. Here we met two guides, who were arrived from Chamounix, accompanied by two Frenchmen on a geological tour; they were desirous of joining our party, but on hearing the accident which had befallen us, preferred returning with us to Chamounix. As I was narrating the catastrophe to the party on the rock, one of them, in the warmth of his heart, caught me in his arms, and I was obliged to submit to a salute on both sides of the face, by way of congratulation. Though the day was now pretty far advanced, it being past three o'clock, yet we preferred continuing our descent. After a short halt, during which the guides packed up all the baggage, we once more put ourselves in motion, and addressed ourselves to the formidable task of descending the Grand Mulet. The guides promised us daylight sufficient to conduct us over all the *mauvais pas*, after which we might either take up with a shed and some straw at the chalêt, or proceed to the hôtel at Chamounix, ac-

ording as our strength and inclination should direct. Our mental excitement set us above all personal fear, and we apprehended lest this should be quickly succeeded by a nervousness, which might altogether incapacitate us for exertion. The commencement of the descent over the ridge being achieved with great caution, we soon proceeded pretty rapidly. One of the guides took the lead as usual. He was followed by one of ourselves, with a cord round his waist, which was held by the guide next in the line. By this arrangement, we were each between two guides, and the spikes in our heels gave us additional confidence in treading. M. Sellique had set off on his return as soon as we were out of sight in the morning. The two guides who had arrived with our new acquaintances the Frenchmen, had met him with his two guides in the passage of the glacier, which both these parties contrived to cross without the aid of the ladder, which remained as the main rafter of our tent above. Nothing remarkable occurred during our rapid descent to the chalêt, excepting that we found a young chamois in the glacier, which appeared to have made a fruitless endeavour, to cross it, and lost its life by a fall. Our thirst continued as violent as ever, and we drank every five minutes at the delicious drippings of the glacier. Ever since breakfast we had been in a high state of fever, which our mental agitation had no doubt much increased. Dr. Hamel's pulse was at 128 in the minute, and H——'s and mine were probably at nearly the same height.

We reached the chalêt about seven, where we refreshed ourselves with some milk and wild strawberries. Our new companions, having ascended from this spot in the morning, were now quite exhausted, and remained here for the night. We preferred continuing the descent, though in the dark, by a track which reminded me strongly of a night-march in the Pyrenees, and about nine o'clock arrived at the hotel. Mathieu Balmat had got the start of us about ten minutes, and we found a large party of women loudly bewailing the fate of the unhappy sufferers. We shut

ourselves up immediately, not being in a situation to bear company. We found at the hotel some Oxford friends, who arrived on the evening of the day of our ascent, in the midst of the thunder-storm, and were much alarmed at seeing our names in the travellers' book. During the day before they had observed us on the Grand Mulet, and that very morning had seen us on our way to the Grand Plateau. They ascertained our number to be 11, and a few hours afterwards saw us return with only 8 in the party. They even took notice that the two or three last were perpetually stopping and looking behind them. From these signs, the landlord of the hotel anticipated the melancholy tidings first brought by poor Balmat.

The next morning we sent for the relatives of the deceased. Fortunately neither of them was married, but Carrier had left an aged father, who had been wholly dependent on him for support. We left with him what we could spare; and at Geneva a subscription was soon opened for them, under the auspices of the amiable Professor Pictet, who exerted himself in their behalf. Our meeting with old Balmat was the most affecting of all. He had been one of Saussure's guides, and was brother to the hero surnamed Mont Blanc. On my commending the bravery of his poor son Pierre, the tears started into his eyes, which kindled for a moment at the compliment, and he grasped my hand with ardour as he replied "*Oui, Monsieur, vous avez raison, il étoit même trop brave, comme son père.*" The officer soon attended to conduct the *procès verbal*.

About two o'clock we set off on our return for Chamounix in two *sharabands*.

Our parting with the inhabitants of the village was truly affecting. The sympathy which we could not help displaying in the grief of the surviving relatives had won all their honest hearts, and many pressed round our *sharabands* for the pleasure of wishing us a safe and happy return to England. We slept, as before, at St. Martin, and the following day arrived at Geneva.

I will add a few words in explana-

tion of the immediate cause of the accident.

During two or three days a pretty strong southerly wind had prevailed, which drifting gradually a mass of snow from the summit, had caused it to form a sort of wreath on the northern side, where the angle of its inclination to the horizon was small enough to allow it to settle. In the course of the preceding night, that had frozen, but not so hard as to bear our weight. Accordingly, in crossing the slope obliquely, as above described, with the summit on our right, we broke through the outer crust, and sank in nearly up to the knees. At the moment of the accident, a crack had been formed quite across the wreath; this caused the lower part to slide down under our weight on the smooth slope of snow beneath it, and the upper part of the wreath, thus bereft of its support, followed it in a few seconds, and was the grand contributor to the calamity. The angle of the slope, a few minutes before the accident was only 28° . Here, perhaps, it was somewhat greater, and in the extreme front probably greatest of all, since the snow fell there with greater velocity, and to a greater distance. Should any one be induced to make another attempt to reach the summit by the same route, he should either cross the slope below the crevasse, and then having passed it by a ladder, mount in zig-zag towards the Mount Maudit; or the party should proceed in parallel lines, and not trust all their weight to a surface, which, whenever a southerly wind prevails, must be exposed to a similar danger. All such plans as that of fastening themselves together with a rope would be utterly useless, besides the insupportable fatigue which this method of proceeding would occasion, as will at once be acknowledged by all who have made the experiment. This plan answers well enough in the descent, and when only two or three are united by the rope; but in other circumstances it would utterly fail. At the moment of

the accident, Pierre Carrier, on every circumstance connected with whom I still feel a melancholy pleasure in dwelling, was at the head of the line, and Pierre Balmat, who, as well as his immediate follower and partner in the misfortune, Auguste Tairray, was making his first ascent, was second. Couttet had been on the summit five or six times, and was then, as well as his brother David, in the rear. The behaviour of all the guides on occasion of the accident was such perhaps, as might be expected from men thrown on a sudden completely out of their reckoning:—their presence of mind, for some minutes, seemed utterly to abandon them, and they walked to and fro uttering cries of despair. The conduct of poor Mathieu Balmat was most heart-rending to witness:—after some frantic gestures of despair, he threw himself on the snow, where he sat for some time in sullen silence, rejecting all our kind offices with a sort of irritation which made it painful to approach him. But this did not last long; he suffered me to lead him a few paces at the commencement of the descent, and then suddenly shaking himself, as if from a load, he adjusted the straps of his knapsack, and resumed his wonted firmness. At times he even chimed in with the conversation of the rest with apparent unconcern; but I observed a sort of convulsion occasionally pass across him, from which he relieved himself by the same gesture of shaking his head and throwing it backwards. It is remarkable, that, from the commencement of the descent until our arrival at the Grand Mulet, he attached himself to my friend H—, and adjusted his steps with the same assiduity as if he had been unengrossed by personal suffering.

Joseph Marie Couttet, who from his former military habits had acquired probably a familiarity with death, betrayed, as we thought, something approaching to insensibility on the occasion.* He was, as has been observed, very near sharing the fate of the poor

* He had formerly served in the Chasseurs à cheval in the French service, an honour which he duly appreciated. I cannot omit his laconic answer to a question proposed to him by one of the party, on the state of his mind during his rapid descent under the snow:—"Ma foi, j'ai dit à moi-même C'est fini—je suis perdu—voilà tout."

sufferers, and perhaps this very circumstance made him jealous of displaying too much feeling on the occasion. Yet, on his taking leave of me the following day, he exhibited so much warmth of regret, that I was affected almost to tears. His brother, David Couttet, another of the guides, was equally intrepid, and I believe was the means of preserving my life during the descent in the passage of the glacier. My feet had slipped from under me, and I had rolled to the edge of a crevasse, when I felt myself suddenly arrested on its very brink by the cord around my waist, which allowed me time to recover myself. The minute details respecting the guides, with which I have interspersed this narrative, will not, I feel persuaded, be deemed impertinent by those who have ever been acquainted with this highly interesting race of men. There is about them all an honest frankness of character, united with a simple though courteous behaviour, and an almost tender solicitude about the safety and comfort of those committed to their guidance, which cannot fail to make a lasting impression on those who have once known them. The delight which

they testify at finding the traveller surmount difficulties, and the looks of congratulation and encouragement which they every now and then direct towards him, contribute highly to keep up his spirit, which else might perhaps desert him at some important crisis. The principal of them are well known and appreciated at Geneva; and the reader will not therefore feel much wonder at the strong feeling which prevailed against us on our return thither. Our former companion had found it necessary to his own credit, to exaggerate exceedingly the apparent danger of proceeding higher; and it must be allowed that his account, supported as it was by the subsequent disaster, possessed strong claims upon the faith of his audience. I am happy, however, to add, that in a very few days this erroneous impression was completely done away with, and ample justice was rendered by all to the conduct of Dr. Hamel, who had been the most obnoxious to their censure, both from his being considered the leader of the party, and from his well-known ardour in similar undertakings.

(Literary Gazette.)

TOUR *through the* SOUTHERN PROVINCES *of the* KINGDOM OF NAPLES.

BY THE HON. R. KEPPEL CRAVEN.

THE name of the writer has recently attracted so much attention, as to render any personal notice unnecessary and we shall only observe, that he looks at objects with the eye of an elegant scholar, and writes upon them like a gentleman. His volume is perhaps too much of an itinerary; but there is a good deal of pleasing and useful matter in it, and the engravings which illustrate it are very beautiful.

We shall, for the present, merely quote a few loose and unconnected passages, under titles to render them intelligible.

A MEMORABLE DUEL.

"I cannot find that Ostuni is noted for any particular event in remote or recent times, except a celebrated duel,

which took place in the town about the year 1664, the details of which are so strongly indicative of the temper and manners of the times, that they may perhaps plead an excuse for their insertion.

"The management of the sword, as an offensive and defensive weapon, was at that period not only considered as the most fashionable and manly accomplishment which a nobleman could possess, but was generally practised by all ranks of persons; for it is noted that even at a less remote era the fishermen of Taranto, after the daily labours imposed by the exercise of their profession, were wont to meet in the evening, and resort to the recreation of fencing. The barbarous custom of duelling, maintained in its full force by false notions of

honour and prerogative, the inefficiency of the laws, and the errors of feudal institutions, contributed no doubt to enoble this sanguinary art, and extend the prevalence of its exercise throughout the realm.

"The Count of Conversano, called also Duke of Le Noci, of the family of Aquaviva, and the Prince of Francavilla, of that of the Imperiali, were the two most powerful lords in lower Apulia: the former boasted of his ancient descent, his numerous titles, and his great domains, and numbered among his predecessors a succession of nobles whose tyrannical and violent disposition had designated them as a race dreaded by their inferiors, and hated by their equals. The Prince of Francavilla was of Genoese extraction, but his family had been settled in the kingdom from the time of Charles the Fifth, and he emulated the Count in pride, while he surpassed him in wealth. Their territories joined, and the constant litigations arising out of their inordinate but ill-timed jurisdictions were thereby super-added to the long list of mutual injuries recorded by both families. Their animosity broke out at Naples, on some trifling occasion, when they were each in their carriage, and after a long contest of words the Count of Conversano challenged the Prince of Francavilla to decide their difference by the sword; the latter declined this mode of combat, as ill suited to his age and infirmities, but consented to the duel if the arms might be exchanged for pistols. His antagonist, who was esteemed the best swordsman in the kingdom, insisted on his first proposal, and excited the Prince to accede to it by the application of several blows with the flat side of his weapon. An insult so grossly offered in the public streets authorised the existing government, carried on through the administration of a Viceroy, to suspend or check the consequences likely to arise by placing the aggressor under arrest for a time, and subsequently ordering them both to retire to their respective estates. But the feelings of unsatisfied hatred in the one, and of insulted pride in the other, were not likely to be allayed by this exclusion from the world;

and in a short time the Prince of Francavilla proposed a champion in his cause, in the person of his sister's only son, the Duke of Martina, of the house of Carraccioli. This young man was but just returned from his travels, and his education was not completed, so that although the Count of Conversano admitted, with a brutal anticipation of success, the substitution of this youthful adversary, it was agreed that a year more should elapse previous to the final termination of their differences, and the field of battle was fixed at Ostuni, the jurisdiction of which town had been previously claimed and disputed by both noblemen. The eyes of the whole kingdom were directed with anxious and fearful expectation towards this spot; but the wishes of the majority were entirely on the side of the Duke of Martina, whose youth, accomplishments, and amiable disposition called forth the interest of all ranks. His uncle, actuated more by the apprehensions of shame in the event of defeat, than by feelings of affection for his relative, endeavoured to insure success by the following stratagem: A gentleman, who had been some time, as was the custom in those days, a retainer in his family, left it abruptly one night, and sought the Count of Conversano's castle, into which he gained admission by a recital of injurious treatment and fictitious wrongs, heaped upon him by the tyrannical and arbitrary temper of the Prince of Francavilla. A complaint of this nature was always the passport to the Count's favour and good graces, and he not only admitted this gentleman to the full enjoyment of his princely hospitality, but having found that he was an experienced and dexterous swordsman, passed most of his time in practising with him that art, which he soon hoped would insure the triumph he valued most on earth. A few days previous to that fixed for the duel, the guest, under pretence of paying a visit to his relatives, withdrew from the Count of Conversano's territories, and secretly returned to those of his employer; where he lost no time in communicating to his nephew all the peculiarities and advantages

repeated experience had enabled him to remark in the Count's manner of fencing. The Duke of Martina was thereby taught that the only chance of success which he could look to, was by keeping on the defensive during the early part of the combat: he was instructed that his antagonist, tho' avowedly the most able manager of the sword in the kingdom, was extremely violent, and that if he could parry the thrusts made on the first attack, however formidable from superior skill and strength of wrist and arm, he might perhaps afterwards obtain success over an adversary, whose person, somewhat inclined to corpulency, would speedily become exhausted from the effects of his own impetuosity. The Duke of Martina, furnished with this salutary advice, and strong in the conviction of what he deemed a just cause, awaited in calm anxiety the day of battle; and the behaviour of the two combatants on the last morning strongly characterizes their different dispositions, as well as the manners and habits of the age they lived in. The Duke of Martina made his will, confessed himself, and took an affectionate leave of his mother, who retired to her oratory to pass in prayer the time her son devoted to the conflict; while the Count of Conversano ordered a sumptuous feast to be prepared, and invited his friends and retainers after the fight; he then carelessly bade his wife farewell, and brutally alluding to his adversary's youth and inexperience, remarked, *Vado a far un capretto*.* They met at the place appointed: it was an open space before a monastery of friars at Ostuni; but these good fathers, by their intercession and prayers, prevailed upon the combatants to remove to another similar plot of ground, in front of the Capuchin convent, in the same town: here the bishop and clergy, carrying the Host in solemn procession, attempted in vain to dissuade them from their bloody purpose: they were dismissed with scorn, and the duel began. It was of long duration, and afforded the Duke an opportunity of availing him-

self of the counsels he had received: when he found the Count began to be out of breath, and off his guard, he assumed the offensive part, and having wounded him, demanded if he was satisfied, and proposed to desist from any further hostility; but, stung to the soul by this unexpected reverse, the Count refused all offers of accommodation, and by blind revenge and redoubled animosity soon lost all command of himself, and received a second wound, which terminated the contest, together with his life. It appears that the Prince of Francavilla, whose principles were as little honourable as those of his adversary, and whose thirst of revenge was no less insatiable, had appointed a band of assassins to waylay and murder him on his way home, had he returned victorious from the conflict."

DEATH OF MURAT.

"The road from Monteleone to Nicastro, where I was to sleep, does not run through il Pizzo, but I was induced to deviate from it to visit a spot which had obtained an interest from an event closely connected with the political history of this country, and not indifferent to that of Europe at large. Joachim Murat, in the autumn of 1815, landed at il Pizzo with a few followers, and was arrested by its inhabitants, whom he had in vain stimulated to join him, thrown into a prison, condemned to be shot by a military commission in virtue of a law which he himself had promulgated, and executed four days after his ill-advised arrival.

"When Murat repaired to the public square of il Pizzo, and harangued the astonished multitude, calling upon them to recognize him as their lawful sovereign, and distributing the proclamations to the same effect which he had brought with him, the people listened to him with mute surprise, and slunk away one by one to their habitations, which they cautiously, but without delay, shut up; leaving him and his adherents to ponder on the inauspicious commencement of their enterprise.

* I am going to kill a kid, or rather to make a kid.

"The town of Monteleone, which he had embellished, and raised to the rank of a provincial capital, was supposed to be well affected towards him; it was only seven miles distant, and thither he immediately resolved to proceed, to try his better fortune. Most of the territory surrounding il Pizzo, and a great portion of the town itself, belongs to the Duke of Infantado; and his agent or steward resident there possessed that kind of influence which, notwithstanding the abolition of feudal rights, must always be attached to the person of a considerable landed proprietor; and he exerted it in this instance in raising the population to a sense of the danger to be apprehended from suffering the ex-king to continue his progress unmolested. Without pretending to point out the particular feelings which were supposed to have actuated this individual, I shall only advert to the treatment of his employer, the Duke of Infantado, and the indignities offered that personage during the early period of the occupation of Spain by the French, at the time that Murat was governor of Madrid.

"After a momentary delay, this person, attended by a sufficient number of the inhabitants of il Pizzo, strong in arms and determination, pursued the intruder with such promptitude as to gain considerably upon him before he had reached the summit of the steep acclivity above mentioned. Finding himself thus resolutely followed, and exposed to the shots which were fired by his pursuers, he considered it more advisable to seek the boats which had brought his small party; and despairing of fighting his way through the superior numbers, which thus unexpectedly attacked him, he threw himself from off the road, into the deep and rocky ravine which borders it, and through whose rugged and almost impracticable declivities he sought a nearer way to the shore. In this precipitous retreat he was accompanied by his own little troop, and followed by the townspeople and their leader; but found on his arrival at the beach, that the vessels which had brought him and his party had, through mistake, fear, or treachery,

put to sea again. He jumped into a fishing-boat, and was endeavouring to push it off from the shingles, when his opponents having overtaken him, and a shot from them having wounded one of his companions, he held up a white handkerchief, in token of surrender, and was led or rather hurried to the little fort, dignified with the name of castle, and forming the citadel of il Pizzo. In his way there he suffered, from the mob which collected, the most injurious treatment; and it is even said that a woman who conceived herself aggrieved in the loss of one of her sons, executed as a bandit, probably most deservedly, through his orders some years before, tore off one of the whiskers from his cheek, in a fit of revenge upon the presumed author of her misfortune.

"He was at first thrust into a wretched cell, where he passed the night, but was removed to a more decent apartment, and furnished with every immediate article of necessity, through the order of the commandant of the division, who arrived from Monteleone early the next morning. A telegraphic despatch communicated the intelligence of his descent to Naples, and the same mode of conveyance brought back the order to proceed immediately on his judgment. He had landed on the 8th of October, and on the 13th, the court having pronounced sentence, he was executed, after having confessed himself and written to his wife.

"The fortress in which he was shut up is of very small dimensions; on a platform which extends over the first story, two parallel walls form a kind of uncovered corridor of about twelve paces in length, terminating in a parapet towards the sea. He stood with his back against this, and having himself given the signal, received the fire of the soldiers placed at the opposite extremity, and fell with his head against the door of a room in which all the officers who had accompanied him were at the time confined. His body was immediately buried in the principal church in the town, an edifice to which he had, in a former passage thro' Calabria, given 2000 ducats. The vault which con-

tains his remains is marked by some boards let into the pavement." * * *

"I have more than once heard him express his conviction that he should receive his death by a musket-shot, but he had probably anticipated it in the field of battle. It is just possible to suppose that the mysterious fatality which subjected him to a fate so different on the coast of Calabria, may have awakened in the bitterness of his last reflections the scene and recollection of the summary judgment and execution over which he presided within the walls of Vincennes.

"It required all the charms of nature in their most powerful array to banish from my mind the impression produced by the sight of the humble sepulchre of him whom I had beheld revelling in the full wantonness of absolute power but eight months before he descended to it in ignominy.

"The splendour of Murat's court, perhaps the most brilliant in Europe at the period I allude to, as greatly exceeded the rank he held among other sovereigns, as the appointment and numbers of his troops were disproportioned to the resources and population of the kingdom; and both were characteristic of that indiscriminately profuse disposition which could reward the merits of an opera dancer upon the same scale of liberality with the services of a general or a minister of state.

"His wife, with the same high notions of magnificence, was by no means so injudiciously generous; and had they not both too blindly followed a system of deceit, which, though sometimes successfully adapted to subordinate political negotiations, cannot be applied with equal advantage to all times and exigencies, they might perhaps have preserved some remnants of that station to which fortune had exalted them, or at least have descended to the level of mediocrity by less perilous gradations.

"At the time that the Austrians were already in full march towards

Naples, the queen regent, as she was called, reviewed the civic guard with extraordinary grace and spirit, and assured them that a few more days would liberate them from all the hardships and dangers attached to the discharge of their functions; and the last minutes she passed in the palace were employed in graciously requesting some favourites to attend her breakfast the following morning, an injunction which was followed by her immediate removal to the ship from which she never again stepped on the Neapolitan shore.

"The aspect presented by the interior of the royal residence on this day was as extraordinary as it was novel to a spectator, accustomed to see it only in its gala trim. The courts were full of servants tumultuously demanding the arrears of their wages, and taking earnest of future payment in the seizure of the horses belonging to the establishment. The long corridors and galleries, untenanted by guards and liveried menials, presented no obstacles to the few visitors whom interest or curiosity attracted towards the closing scene of this drama. The kingly apartment itself, still adorned with the ponderous spoils of Herculaneum and Pompeii, relieved by Lyons embroidery and India muslins, was obstructed by large packing-cases, and its mosaic pavements soiled by the dirty footsteps of porters and carriers, and strewn with wisps of hay or paper shavings. The ladies in waiting, accoutred in the usual costly garb of attendance, were gnawing a few chicken bones, the scanty remains of the day's single meal; and, lastly, the indefatigable occupier of the tenement, decked out in all the elegance and *recherche* of the last Paris fashions, and preserving the careless smile of assumed complacency, strangely contrasted with haggard eyes and care-worn cheeks, was variously employed in packing up jewels, distributing money, dictating letters, and receiving or dismissing visitors with all the minute distinction of courtly etiquette."

HENRY M. DE LA TUDE.

IN the year 1749, Henry M. de la Tude, son of a Knight of the order of St. Louis, was sent to the Bastile, for the grave offence of having sported with the feelings of Madame Pompadour, the celebrated mistress of Louis XV. With the thoughtless warm enthusiasm of a young man, he had it seems attached himself to the cause of this woman in defence of her character, against the fanatics of the day. He wished to do her some ostensibly good office, and sighed to render himself of consequence in her esteem. Having heard that she was unhappy from the apprehension of poison, La Tude waited on Madame Pompadour at Versailles, to acquaint her that he had seen a parcel put into the post office addressed for her; and at the same time expressed his suspicions relative to the contents of it, and cautioned the Marchioness to beware. The parcel arrived of course, La Tude having himself put it into the post office; but the powder proved on chemical experiment perfectly innocent. The result gave the marchioness an insight into La Tude's design; and, offended at his presumption, she had him sent to the Bastile as an impostor.

La Tude with great ingenuity effected his escape from prison; and feeling unconscious of any crime demanding severity of punishment, he went, and voluntarily surrendered himself to the king. Unhappy man! Victim of the caprice and cruelty of a woman! The unfeeling marchioness, piqued at his placing more confidence in the king than herself, made such representations to his majesty, that he ordered La Tude back to the same prison, and to be immured in one of its most dreary chambers—a dungeon! where another prisoner, of the name of Delegre, was also confined by order of the marchioness.

Yet even from this impregnable fortress of barbarity, where no wealth could bribe—where no instrument of

any kind was allowed, did La Tude and his companion, without money and unaided, effect their escape.

They had neither scissars, knives, nor any edged instrument; and for an hundred guineas, the turnkey would not supply them with an ounce of thread. Upon making the calculation of the difficulties to be encountered, they found that they required fourteen hundred feet of cordage; two ladders of wood and rope, from twenty to twenty-five feet long, and another of a hundred and eight feet in length. It was necessary to displace several iron grates from the chimney; and in one night to make a hole in the wall several feet thick at the distance of only fifteen feet from a sentinel. The wooden ladder and that of rope, when made, must be concealed; and the officers, accompanied by the turnkeys, came to visit and search them several times a week. They had to make and do all these things to accomplish their design; and they had nothing but their hands to effect it with.

The hand, to those who know its use, is the instrument of all instruments. The iron hinge of the table was, by whetting on a tiled floor, converted into a knife. With this bars were removed, and a saw constructed; wood was concealed from the daily fuel to construct the ladders; La Tude's portmanteau contained twelve dozen of shirts, and other articles of apparel, out of which they made the 1400 feet of rope. The bars in the chimney took six months to displace; and the whole of these preparations cost eighteen months' work, day and night.

The moment of attempting their dangerous enterprise now arrived; one night, after supper, La Tude first ascended the chimney, and drew the ropes, iron bars, &c. up after him, leaving a sufficient quantity of the ladder in the chimney to enable his companion to ascend with less difficulty. Being now on the top, they drew up

the rest of the ladder; and then descended at once upon the platform, serving as a counterpoise to each other. They next fixed their ladder to a piece of cannon, and let it gently into the fosse; by which means they descended with their iron bars, wooden ladder, and all their equipage. During all this time the sentinel was not more than ten fathoms from them, walking upon the corridor.

This prevented them from getting up to it, to go into the garden, as they first intended; they therefore were under the necessity of making use of their iron bars. They proceeded straight to the wall which separates the fosse of the Bastile from that of the garden St. Antoine, between the garden and the governor's house. In this place there formerly had been a little fosse, a fathom wide, one or two feet deep; but now the water was up to their arm-pits.

The moment La Tude began to make a hole between two stones to introduce their iron bars as levers, the round major passed by with his great lantern, at the distance of ten or twelve feet over their heads. To prevent their being discovered, they sunk up to their chins in the water; this ceremony they were obliged to repeat every half hour when the round came by. At length one large stone was removed from the wall; they attacked a second, and afterwards a third, with equal success; so that before midnight they had displaced several cart-loads of stone; and in less than six hours had entirely pierced the wall, which was more than four feet and a half thick. They drew the portmanteau through the hole, abandoning every thing else without regret. They then descended into the deep fosse of the gate St. Antoine; whence, after a narrow escape from perishing, they got upon dry ground, and took refuge at the abbey of St. Germain des Prez.

La Tude fled to Holland; but on the demand of the King of France, he was given up by the Dutch government, reconducted to the Bastile, and more closely confined than ever.

On the death of Madame Pompadour, La Tude was informed of it by a

writing placed up at a window in the street, in consequence of some papers he had thrown from the Bastile tower.

Most of the prisoners in the Bastile were on this occasion liberated. The minister, Sartine, however, refused to set La Tude free, except on a condition which the unfortunate man, thinking derogatory to his honour, would not accede to, and he was still doomed by the remorseless revenge of that monster of inhumanity, to remain a prisoner ten feet under ground, clad in tatters, with a beard reaching to his feet, no bed but straw, no provision but bread and water, over-run with vermin! Such, alas! continued for many years the wretched situation of the unfortunate La Tude; whose only crime was having offended the favourite of his sovereign!

The ultimate liberation of La Tude is not the least wonderful part of his story. A woman, named *Le Gros*, walking abroad in June, 1781, saw lying in a corner a packet of papers, that had the appearance of having been tumbled in the dirt. She took it up, and returning home, read the contents. It proved to be a *memorial*, stating *part of the misfortunes of the Sieur La Tude, prisoner in a dungeon ten feet under ground, on an allowance of bread and water, for thirty-four years!*

The good woman was moved with compassion at the recital of such cruel suffering, and was incessant in her applications on his behalf to persons of rank; till at last she obtained his liberation on the 18th of March, 1784, through the influence of Baron Breteuil, who accompanied the glad tidings with a grant to La Tude of a pension of four hundred livres.

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GEORGE III. AND MR. WILKES.

The late king, George III., though remarkable for his uniform urbanity, and for seldom compromising his dignity by personal aversions, is understood to have deviated a little from this elevated line of conduct in the case of the demagogue, Wilkes. There was enough in the man's character, separated from those public grounds which made him a favourite with the people, to make any

good man detest him ; the manifestation of such a feeling on the part of his sovereign, is the only thing of the propriety of which there can be a doubt. When Mr. Wilkes went to court as Lord Mayor of London, it was not the man, but the high office he filled, which his majesty ought to have recognized ; and the City had perhaps reason to complain when their mayor was told by the lord in waiting, that it was expected he should not address his majesty.

So ungrateful was the sound of 'Wilkes and No.45,' (the famous number of the 'North Briton,') deemed to the King, that about 1772, a Prince of the Blood (George IV.) then a mere boy, having been chid for some boyish fault, and wishing to take a boyish revenge, is related to have done so by stealing to the king's apartment, and shouting at the door, 'Wilkes and No. 45 for ever !' and speedily running away. It is hardly necessary to add, (for who knows not the domestic amiableness of George III. ?) that his majesty laughed at the trick with his accustomed good humour.

THE LATE PRESIDENT WEST.

When Mr. Benjamin West, the illustrious painter, was about fifteen years of age, he was confined to his bed by a fever, and remained there several days ; the window shutter being closed, his eyes acquired the power of expansion, and he at times observed living objects in the scenery before the window, moving as it were in apparitional forms around his bed-room. It appeared extraordinary to him, that small

figures of men, cows, pigs, and fowls, should traverse the wall and ceiling of his room, and yet the act appeared, to his organs of vision, too unquestionable to doubt or to account for, upon the ground of emotions caused by his illness. He related the circumstance to his friends, who seriously feared that his intellects were impaired, and sent for a physician, who declared that he was in a favourable way of recovery ; he had no reason to infer that the mind of young West was unsound, although he could not but allow that it appeared singular that objects should be presented to his sight, which other persons did not see, and therefore he prescribed for him a composing draught. Young West discovered that, upon his covering with his finger a diagonal hole in the window shutter, the visionary objects disappeared, which first caused his mental fears to subside, sensible that there must therefore be some natural connection between the objects themselves and their representations to the wall of his apartment. Upon perforating a parlour window shutter horizontally, he produced a representation on the wall of the objects on the other side of the street ; and when he was fully recovered from his indisposition, he made a box, having one of its sides perforated, and with the reflective qualities of a mirror he produced a "camera obscura." On mentioning his discovery to Mr. Williams, an artist, he was surprised to find that he had received a more complete "camera" from England, a short time before the remarkable invention of West.

(Literary Gazette.)

DE LOUTHERBOURG'S EIDOPHUSIKON.

THIS article is respectfully dedicated to the fair, in compliment to the taste which our enlightened countrywomen have displayed in the cultivation of that beautiful and interesting department of the graphic art, the study of landscape. It would be a subject of regret to all lovers of the picturesque scenery of nature, if the ingenious con-

trivances which De Louthembourg invented, in the formation of his beautiful little stage, were consigned to oblivion for want of a record. It is well known that this original exhibition not only delighted, but even astonished the artists who crowded the seats of his theatre. Sir Joshua Reynolds honoured the talents of the ingenious contriver, by fre-

quent attendance, whilst it was exhibited in Panton Square, and recommended the ladies in his extensive circle to take their daughters, who cultivated drawing, as the best school to witness the powerful effects of nature, as viewed through the magic of his wondrous skill, in the combination of his inventive powers.

The stage on which the *Eidophusikon* was represented, was little more than six feet wide, and about eight feet in depth; yet such was the painter's knowledge of effect and scientific arrangement, and the scenes which he described were so completely illusive, that the space appeared to recede for many miles, and his horizon seemed as palpably distant from the eye, as the extreme termination of the view would appear in nature.

The opening subject of the *Eidophusikon* represented the view from the summit of Onetree Hill, in Greenwich Park, looking up the Thames to the Metropolis; on one side, conspicuous upon its picturesque eminence, stood Flamstead House; and, below, on the right, the grand mass of building, Greenwich Hospital, with its imposing cupolas, cut out of pasteboard, and painted with architectural correctness. The large groupes of trees formed another division, behind which were the towns of Greenwich and Deptford, with the shore on each side stretching to the metropolis, which was seen in its vast extent, from Chelsea to Poplar. Behind were the hills of Hampstead, Highgate, and Harrow; and the intermediate space was occupied by the flat stage, as the pool or port of London, crowded with shipping, each mass of which being cut out in pasteboard, and receding in size by the perspective of their distance. The heathy appearance of the foreground was constructed of cork, broken into the rugged and picturesque forms of a sand-pit, covered with minute mosses and lichens, producing a captivating effect amounting indeed to reality.

This scene, on the rising of the curtain, was enveloped in that mysterious light which is the precursor of day-break, so true to nature, that the imagi-

nation of the spectator sniffed the sweet breath of morn. A faint light appeared along the horizon; the scene assumed a vapourish tint of grey; presently a gleam of saffron, changing to the pure varieties that tinge the fleecy clouds that pass away in morning mist; the picture brightened by degrees; the sun appeared, gilding the tops of the trees and the projections of the lofty buildings, and burnishing the vanes on the cupolas; when the whole scene burst upon the eye in the gorgeous splendour of a beauteous day.

The clouds in every scene had a natural motion, and they were painted in semi-transparent colours, so that they not only received light in front, but by a greater intensity of the argand lamps, were susceptible of being illuminated from behind. The linen on which they were painted was stretched on frames of twenty times the surface of the stage, which rose diagonally by a winding machine. De Loutherbourg, who excelled in representing the phenomena of clouds, may be said to have designed a series of effects on the same frame; thus, the first gleam of morn led to the succeeding increase of light; and the motion being oblique, the clouds first appeared from beneath the horizon, rose to a meridian, and floated fast or slow, according to their supposed density, or the power of the wind.

To illuminate the interesting scenes for this display of nature, the ingenious projector had constructed his lights to throw their power in front of the scenes; and this plan might be tried with advantage for spectacles, and particular effects at least, on the great stages of our magnificent theatres. The lamps on De Loutherbourg's stage were above the proscenium, and hidden from the audience, instead of being unnaturally placed as we are accustomed to see them, by which the faces of the performers are illuminated, like Michael Angelo's Satan, from the regions below; thus throwing on their countenances a preternatural character, in defiance of all their well studied science of facial passion and expression.

Before the line of brilliant lamps, on the stage of the *Eidophusikon*, were

slips of stained glass; yellow, red, grey, purple, and blue. By the shifting of which, the painter could throw a tint upon the scenery, compatible with the time of day which he represented, and by a single slip, or their combinations, could produce a magical effect; thus giving a general hue of cheerfulness, sublimity, or awfulness, subservient to the phenomena of his scene. This too might be adopted on the regular stage, were the ingenious mechanists of the scene-room to set their wits to work; and at no vast expence, since the improvements of lighting with gas.

The inventive schemes of the artist to give motion and reality to the scenes which I have promised to describe, will display the endless resources of his original mind. The effect of a Storm at Sea, with the loss of the Halsewell Indiaman, was awful and astonishing; for the conflict of the raging elements he described with all its characteristic horrors of wind, hail, thunder, lightning, and the roaring of the waves, with such marvellous imitation of nature, that mariners have declared, whilst viewing the scene, that it amounted to reality.

Gainsborough was so wrapt in delight with the Eidophusikon, that for a time he thought of nothing else—he talked of nothing else—and passed his evenings at that exhibition in long succession. Gainsborough, himself a great experimentalist, could not fail to admire scenes wrought to such perfection by the aid of so many collateral inventions. Louthembourg's genius was as prolific in imitations of nature to astonish the ear as to charm the sight. He introduced a new art—the *pictur-
esque of sound*.

I can never forget the awful impression that was excited by his ingenious contrivance to produce the effect of the firing of a signal of distress, in his sea storm. That appalling sound, which he that had been exposed to the terrors of a raging tempest could not listen to, even in this mimic scene, without being reminded of the heart-sickening answer, which sympathetic danger had reluctantly poured forth from his own loud gun—a hoarse sound to the howl-

ing wind, that proclaimed "I too, holy Heaven! need that succour I fain would lend!"

De Louthembourg had tried many schemes to effect this; but none was satisfactory to his nice ear, until he caused a large skin to be dressed into parchment, which was fastened by screws to a circular frame, forming a vast tambourine; to this was attached a compact sponge that went upon a whalebone spring; which, struck with violence, gave the effect of a near explosion; a more gentle blow, that of a far-off gun; and the reverberation of the sponge produced a marvellous imitation of the echo from cloud to cloud, dying away into silence.

The thunder was no less natural, and infinitely grand: a spacious sheet of thin copper was suspended by a chain, which, shaken by one of the lower corners, produced the distant rumbling, seemingly below the horizon; and, as the clouds rolled on, approached nearer and nearer, increasing peal by peal, until, following rapidly the lightning's zig-zag flash, which was admirably vivid and sudden, it burst in a tremendous crash immediately overhead.

Once, being at the Eidophusikon, with a party of intelligent friends, when this scene was performing over Exeter 'Change, I had the felicity to experience a most interesting treat. I had often wished for an opportunity to compare the effect of the awful phenomenon—a thunder storm, with this imitative thunder of De Louthembourg. A lady exclaimed, "It lightens!" and, in great agitation, pointed to an aperture that admitted air to the upper seats. The consternation caused by this discovery, induced many to retire to the lobby, some of whom, moved by terror or superstition, observed, "that the exhibition was presumptuous." We moved to the gallery, and opening a door, stood upon the landing place, where we could compare the real with the artificial storm. When the exhibition was over, and we retired to sup with one of our party, the worthy Thomas Tomkins, in Sermon-lane, we naturally went into the merits of this scenic display, when it was agreed, and I repeat it not irreverently, that De

Louthembourg's was the best thunder. —To those who have not heard the sounds emitted by a large sheet of copper thus suspended, it may appear extravagant to assert so wondrous an effect; indeed it is not possible to describe the power of the resemblance—auricular evidence alone could convince.

The waves for his stage were carved in soft wood from models made in clay; these were coloured with great skill, and being highly varnished, reflected the lightning. Each turned on its own axis, towards the other, in a contrary direction, throwing up the foam, now at one spot, now at another—and diminishing in altitude as they receded in distance, were subdued by corresponding tints. Thus the perturbed waters appeared to cover a vast space. One machine of simple construction turned the whole, and the motion was regulated according to the increasing of the storm.

The vessels, which were beautiful models, went over the waves with a natural undulation, those nearest making their courses with a proportionate rate to their bulk, and those farther off moving with a slower pace. They were all correctly rigged, and carried only such sails as their situations would demand. Those in the distance were coloured in every part to preserve the aerial perspective of the scene. The illusion was so perfect, that the audience were frequently heard to exclaim, "Hark! the signal of distress came from that vessel labouring out there—and now from that."

The rush of the waves was effected by a large octagonal box, made of pasteboard, with internal shelves, and charged with small shells, peas, and light balls, which, as the machine wheeled upon its axis, were hurled in heaps with every turn; and being accompanied by two machines, of a circular form, covered with tightly strained silk, which pressed against each other by a swift motion, gave out a hollow whistling sound, in perfect imitation of loud gusts of wind. Large silken balls, passing hastily over the sur-

face of the great tambourine, increased the awful din.

The rain and hail were no less truly imitated; for the rain, a long four-sided tube was charged with small seed, which, according to the degree of its motion, from a horizontal to a verticle position, forced the atoms in a pattering stream to the bottom, when it was turned to repeat the operation. The hail was expressed by a similar tube, on a larger scale, with pasteboard shelves, projecting on inclined planes, and charged with larger beads; so that sliding from shelf to shelf, fast or slow, as the tube was suddenly or gently raised, the imitation was perfect.

One of the most interesting scenes, described a calm, with an Italian seaport, in which the rising of the moon, with the serene coolness which it diffused to the clouds, the mountains, and the water, was finely contrasted by a lofty light-house, of picturesque architecture, jutting out far into the sea, upon a romantic promontory of broken rocks. The red glowing light of its spacious lantern, tinged the rippling of the water on one part of its surface, whilst the moon shed its silvery lustre on another, in sweet repose. Shipping in motion added to the interest of the scene; and a fleet in the offing, slowly proceeding on its course, melted into air.

The clouds for this scene were admirably painted; and as they rolled on, the moon tinged their edges, or was obscured, at the will of the painter; for where he had loaded the colour to opaqueness, the transparent light of the orb could not penetrate. The clouds in front received sufficient illumination from the lamps, which were subdued by a bluish grey glass, one of the slips before described. The moon was formed by a circular aperture of an inch diameter, cut in a tin box, that contained a powerful argand lamp, which being placed at various distances from the back of the scene, gave a brilliant, or a subdued splendour to the passing cloud, producing without any other aid, the prismatic circle, with that enchanting purity which is peculiar to an Italian sky.

But the most impressive scene, which formed the finale of the exhibition, was that representing the region of the fallen angels, with Satan arraying his troops on the banks of the Fiery Lake, and the rising of the Palace of Pandæmonium, as described by the pen of Milton. De Louthembourg had already displayed his graphic powers in his scenes of fire, upon a great scale, at the public theatre—scenes which had astonished and terrified the audience; but in this he astonished himself; for he had not conceived the power of light that might be thrown upon a scenic display, until he made the experiment on his own circumscribed stage. Here, in the fore-ground of a vista, stretching an immeasurable length between mountains, ignited from their bases to their lofty summits, with many-coloured flame, a chaotic mass rose in dark majesty, which gradually assumed form until it stood, the interior of a vast temple of gorgeous architecture, bright as molten brass, seemingly composed of unconsuming, unquenchable fire. In this tremendous scene, the effect of coloured glasses before the lamps was fully displayed; which, being hidden from the audience, threw their whole influence upon the scene, as it rapidly

changed, now to a sulphureous blue, then to a lurid red, and then again to a pale vivid light, and ultimately to a mysterious combination of the glasses, such as a bright furnace exhibits, in fusing various metals. The sounds which accompanied the wondrous picture, struck the astonished ear of the spectator as no less preternatural; for, to add a more awful character to the peals of thunder, and the accompaniments of all the hollow machinery that hurled balls and stones with indescribable rumbling and noise, an expert assistant swept his thumb over the surface of the tambourine, which produced a variety of groans, that struck the imagination as issuing from infernal spirits.

Such was De Louthembourg's Eidophusikon; and would that it were in being now, when the love of the fine arts has spread in so vast a degree!—that knowledge which could have appreciated its merits having increased a thousand fold, since the period when the greatest scene-painter in the world was induced to dispose of his wondrous little stage, because the age could not produce amateurs sufficient, after two seasons, to make an audience to pay for lighting his theatre!

(New Monthly Magazine.)

LETTERS FROM SPAIN BY DON LEUCADIO DOBLADO.

MY DEAR SIR,

YOUR letter, acquainting me with Lady ——'s desire that you should take an active part in our correspondence on Spain, has increased my hopes of carrying on a work, which I feared would soon grow no less tiresome to our friend than to me. Objects which blend themselves with our daily habits are most apt to elude our observation; and will, like some dreams, fleet away through the mind, unless an accidental word or thought should set attention on the fast-fading track of their course. Nothing, therefore, can be of greater use to me than your queries, or help me so much as your observations.

The most comprehensive division of the people of Spain is that of *nobles* and *plebeians*. But I must caution you against a mistaken notion which these words are apt to convey to an Englishman. In Spain, any person whose family, either by immemorial prescription, or by the king's patent, is entitled to exemption from some burdens, and to the enjoyment of certain privileges, belongs to the class of nobility. It appears to me that this distinction originated in the allotment of a certain portion of ground in towns conquered from the Moors. In some patents of nobility—I cannot say whether they are all alike—the king, after an enumeration of the privileges and exemptions

to which he raises the family, adds the general clause, that they shall be considered, in all respects, as *Hidalgos de casa y solar conocido*—*Hidalgos*, i. e. nobles (for the words are become synonymous) of a known family and ground-plot. Many of the exemptions attached to this class of Franklins, or inferior nobility, have been withdrawn in our times, not, however, without a distinct recognition of the rank of such as could claim them before the amendment of the law. But still a Spanish gentleman, or *Cavallero*—a name which expresses the privileged gentry in all its numerous and undefined gradations—cannot be ballotted for the militia; and none but an *Hidalgo* can enter the army as a cadet. In the routine of promotion, ten cadets, I believe, must receive a commission before a serjeant can have his turn—and even that is often passed over. Such as are fortunate enough to be raised from the ranks can seldom escape the reserve and slight of their prouder fellow-officers; and the common appellation of *Pinos*—pine-trees—alluding, probably, to the height required in a serjeant, like that of *freedman*, among the Romans, implies a stain which the first situations in the army cannot completely obliterate.

Noblesse, as I shall call it, to avoid an equivocal term, descends from the father to all his male children, for ever. But though a female cannot transmit this privilege to her issue, her being the daughter of an *Hidalgo*, is of absolute necessity to constitute what, in the language of the country, is called a *nobleman on four sides*—*noble de quatro costados*: that is, a man whose parents, their parents, and their parents' parents, belonged to the privileged class. None but these *square noblemen* can receive the order of knighthood. But we are fallen on degenerate times, and I could name many a knight in this town who has been furnished with more than one corner by the dexterity of the *notaries*, who act as secretaries in collecting and drawing up the proofs and documents required on these occasions.

There exists another distinction of

blood, which, I think, is peculiar to Spain, and to which the mass of the people are so blindly attached, that the meanest peasant looks upon the want of it as a source of misery and degradation, which he is doomed to transmit to his latest posterity. The least mixture of African, Indian, Moorish, or Jewish blood, taints a whole family to the most distant generation. Nor does the knowledge of such a fact die away in the course of years, or become unnoticed from the obscurity and humbleness of the parties. Not a child in this populous city is ignorant that a family, who, beyond the memory of man, have kept a confectioner's shop in the central part of the town, had one of their ancestors punished by the Inquisition for a relapse into Judaism. I well recollect how, when a boy, I often passed that way, scarcely venturing to cast a side glance on a pretty young woman who constantly attended the shop, for fear, as I said to myself, of shaming her. A person free from tainted blood is defined by law, "an old Christian, clean from all bad race and stain." *Christiano viejo, limpio de toda mala raza, y mancha*. The severity of this law, or rather of the public opinion enforcing it, shuts out its victims from every employment in church or state, and gives them an exclusion even from the *Fraternities*, or religious associations, which are otherwise open to persons of the lowest ranks. I verily believe that, were St. Peter a Spaniard, he would either deny admittance to people of tainted blood, or send them to a retired corner, where they might not offend the eyes of the *old Christians*. But, alas! what has been said of laws—and I believe it true in most countries, ancient and modern, except England—that they are like cobwebs, which entrap the weak, and yield to the strong and bold, is equally, and perhaps more generally applicable to public opinion. It is a fact, that many of the *grandees*, and the titled *noblesse* of this country derive a large portion of their blood from Jews and Moriscoes. Their pedigree has been traced up to those cankered

branches in a manuscript book, which neither the influence of Government, nor the terrors of the Inquisition, have been able to suppress completely. It is called *Tizon de Espana*—"the Brand of Spain." But wealth and power have set opinion at defiance; and while a poor industrious man, humbled by feelings not unlike those of an Indian *Paria*, will hardly venture to salute his neighbour, because, forsooth, his fourth or fifth ancestor fell into the hands of the Inquisition for declining to eat pork—the proud grandee, perhaps a nearer descendant of the Patriarchs, will think himself degraded by marrying the first gentlewoman in the kingdom, unless she brings him a *hat*, in addition to the six or eight which he may be already entitled to wear before the king. But this requires some explanation.

The highest privilege of a grandee is that of covering his head before the king. Hence, by two or more *hats* in a family, it is meant that it has a right, by inheritance, to as many titles of grandeeship. Pride having confined the grandees to intermarriages in their own *caste*, and the estates and titles being inheritable by females, an enormous accumulation of property and honours has been made in a few hands. The chief aim of every family is constantly to increase this preposterous accumulation. Their children are married, by dispensation, in their infancy, to some great heir or heiress; and such is the multitude of family names and titles which every grandee claims and uses, that if you should see a simple passport given by the Spanish Ambassador in London, when he happens to be a member of the ancient Spanish families, you will find the whole first page of a large foolscap sheet employed merely to tell you who the great man is whose signature is to close the whole. As far as vanity alone is concerned, this ambitious display of rank and parentage might, at this time of day, be dismissed with a smile. But there lurks a

more serious evil in the absurd and invidious system so studiously preserved by our first nobility. Surrounded by their own dependants, and avoided by the gentry, who are seldom disposed for an intercourse, in which a sense of inferiority prevails, few of the grandees are exempt from the natural consequences of such a life—gross ignorance, intolerable conceit, and sometimes, tho' seldom, a strong dose of vulgarity.

As the *Hidalguia* branches out through every male whose father enjoys that privilege, Spain is overrun with gentry, who earn their living in the meanest employments. The province of *Asturias* having afforded shelter to that small portion of the nation which preserved the Spanish name and throne against the efforts of the conquering Arabs, there is hardly a native of that mountainous tract, who, even at this day, cannot shew a legal title to honours and immunities gained by his ancestors at a time when every soldier had either a share in the territory recovered from the invaders, or was rewarded with a perpetual exemption from such taxes and services as fell exclusively upon the *simple** peasantry. The numerous claimants to these privileges among the *Asturians* of the present day lead me to think that in the earliest times of the Spanish monarchy every soldier was raised to the rank of a Franklin. But circumstances are strangely changed. *Asturias* is one of the poorest provinces of Spain, and the *noble* inhabitants having, for the most part, inherited no other patrimony from their ancestors than a strong muscular frame, are compelled to make the best of it among the more feeble tribes of the south. In this capital of Andalusia they have, literally, engrossed the employments of watermen, porters, and footmen. Those belonging to the two first classes are formed into a *fraternity*, whose members have a right to the exclusive use of a chapel in the cathedral. The privilege which they value most, how-

* My friend Don Leucadio, it should seem learned this sense of the word *simple* when he visited Scotland. *Gentle* and *simple*, as I find in those inexhaustible sources of intellectual delight, the Novels by the author of *Waverley*, are used by the Scottish peasants in the same manner as *Noble*, y *Llano* (plain or simple) by the Spaniards.

ever, is that of affording the twenty stoutest among them to convey the moveable stage on which the consecrated host is paraded in public, on *Corpus Christi* day, enshrined in a small temple of massive silver. The bearers are concealed behind the rich gold-cloth hangings, which reach to the ground from the four sides of the stage. The weight of the whole machine is enormous; yet these twenty men bear it on the hind part of the head and neck, moving with such astonishing ease and regularity, as if the motion arose from the impulse of steam, or some steady mechanical power.

While these *Gentlemen Hidalgos* are employed in such ungentle services, though the law allows them the exemptions of their class, public opinion confines them to their natural level. The only chance for any of these disguised noblemen to be publickly treated with due honour and deference is, unfortunately, one for which they feel an unconquerable aversion—that of being delivered into the rude hands of a Spanish *Jack Ketch*. We had here, about two years ago, an instance of this, which I shall relate, as being highly characteristic of our national prejudices in point of blood.

A gang of five banditti was taken within the jurisdiction of this *Audien- cia*, or chief court of justice, one of whom, though born and brought up amongst the lowest ranks of society, was, by family, an *Hidalgo*, and had some relations among the better class of gentlemen. I believe the name of the unfortunate man was *Herrera*, and that he was a native of a town about thirty English miles from Seville, called *el Arahal*. After lingering, as usual, four or five years in prison, these unfortunate men were found guilty of several murders and highway robberies, and sentenced to suffer death. The relations of the *Hidalgo*, who, foreseeing this fatal event, had been watching the progress of the trial, in order to step forward just in time to avert the stain which a cousin, in the second or third remove, would cast upon their family,

if he died in mid-air like a villain, presented a petition to the judges, accompanied with the requisite documents, claiming for their relative the honours of his rank, and engaging to pay the expenses attending the execution of a nobleman. The petition was granted as a matter of course, and the following scene took place. At a short distance from the gallows on which the four simple robbers were to be hanged in a cluster from the central point of the cross-beam, all dressed in a white shroud, with their hands tied before them, that the hangman, who actually rides upon the shoulders of the criminal, may place his foot as in a stirrup,* was raised a scaffold about ten feet high, with an area of about fifteen by twenty, the whole of which and down to the ground, on all sides, was covered with black baize. In the centre of the scaffold was erected a sort of arm-chair, with a stake for its back, against which, by means of an iron collar attached to a screw, the neck is crushed by one turn of the handle. This machine is called *Garrote*—"a stick"—from the old fashioned method of strangling, by twisting the fatal cord with a stick. Two flights of steps on opposite sides of the stage afforded a separate access, one to the criminal and the priest, the other to the executioner and his attendant. The convict, dressed in a loose gown of black baize, rode on a horse, a mark of distinction peculiar to his class, (plebeians riding on an ass, or being dragged on a hurdle,) attended by a priest, and a notary, and surrounded by soldiers. Black silk cords were prepared to bind him to the arms of the seat, for ropes are thought dishonourable. After kneeling to receive the last absolution from the priest, he took off a ring, with which the unfortunate man had been provided for that melancholy occasion. According to etiquette he should have disdainfully thrown it down for the executioner; but, as a mark of Christian humility he put it into his hand. The sentence being executed, four silver candlesticks, five feet high, with burning wax candles of a propor-

* The Cortes have abolished this barbarous method of inflicting death.

tionate length and thickness, were placed at the corners of the scaffold; and in about three hours, a suitable funeral was conducted by the *posthumous* friends of the noble robber, who, had they assisted him to settle in life with half of what they spent for this absurd and disgusting show, might, perhaps, have saved him from this fatal end.

But these honours being what is called a *positive act of noblesse*, of which a due certificate is given to the surviving parties, to be recorded among the legal proofs of their rank, they may have acted under the idea that their relative was fit only to add lustre to the family by the close of his career.

SCIENTIFIC AMUSEMENTS.

ORIGIN OF BALLOONS.

DURING the darkness of the middle ages, every one at all distinguished by his knowledge in physics, was generally reputed to have attained the power of flying in the air; this idea, however, which men of the first genius had once entertained, appears to have gradually descended to a lower class of projectors, many of whom perished in their unskillful attempts.

We need not however remark on the extravagant projectors of former times, since, so late as the year 1755, and not long before the invention of balloons, a very fanciful scheme, yet on the grandest scale, for navigating the atmosphere, was made public by Joseph Galien, a Dominican friar, and professor of philosophy and theology at Avignon. This visionary proposed to collect the fine diffuse air of the higher regions where hail is formed, above the summit of the loftiest mountains, and to enclose it in a bag of a cubical shape, and of the most enormous dimensions, extending a mile every way, and composed of the thickest sail cloth. With such a vast machine, far outrivalling in boldness and magnitude the ark of Noah, it would be possible he thought to transport a whole army, and all their munitions of war!

The principles on which a balloon could be constructed had long been known to men of science; but to reduce these principles to complete effect, was still an enterprise of the most dazzling kind. This triumph over matter was at length achieved by the skill and perseverance of Stephen and Joseph Montgolfier, sons of the proprietor of

an extensive paper manufactory at Annonay. The two brothers had long contemplated the project, and after some experiments, the first public ascent of a balloon was exhibited at their native town, on the 5th of June, 1783.

They afterwards constructed a balloon on a larger scale at Paris. It reached the height of one thousand five hundred feet, where it appeared for a while suspended; but in eight minutes dropped to the ground, two miles from Paris. A sheep, a cock, and a duck, which had been put into the basket, the first animals ever carried up into the air, were found perfectly safe and unhurt by the journey; the sheep was even feeding at perfect ease.

The first aerial voyage ever made by man, was on the 21st of November, 1783, when Pilatre de Rozier, a young naturalist of great promise, and full of ardour and courage, accompanied by the Marques d'Arlandes, a major of infantry, who volunteered to accompany him, ascended from the Chateau of Muette, belonging to the court of the Dauphin. About two o'clock the machine was launched, and it mounted with a steady and majestic pace. Wonder mingled with anxiety was depicted in every countenance; but when from their lofty station in the sky the navigators calmly waved their hats, and saluted the spectators below, a general shout of acclamation burst forth on all sides. As they rose much higher, however, they were no longer discernible by the naked eye; they

— in the surging smoke
Uplifted spurn the ground; thence many a league,
As in a cloudy chair ascending, ride,
Audacious.—

This balloon soared to an elevation of more than three thousand feet, and traversed by a circuitous route the whole of Paris, whose gay inhabitants were all absorbed in admiration and amazement. The daring *aéronauts*, after a journey of twenty-four or twenty-five minutes, in which they described a track of six miles, safely alighted beyond the boulevards.

Such was the prosperous issue of the first *aërial* navigation ever performed by mortals. It was a conquest of science which all the world could understand ; and it flattered extremely the national vanity of the French, who hailed its splendid progress, and enjoyed the honour of their triumph.

Other experiments were now made in rapid succession, in which Messrs. Charles and Robert Montgolfier, Andreani, Blanchard, Rozier, Proust, the Duke of Orleans, (*Egalite*.) and Guyton Morveau, were the adventurers ; some of whom soared to the immense height of thirteen thousand feet.

But the aerial voyage the most remarkable for its duration and adventures, was performed on the 18th of June, 1786, by M. Testu, in a balloon constructed by himself, furnished with auxiliary wings filled as usual with hydrogen gas. He ascended at four o'clock, p. m. and after reaching the height of three thousand feet, he softly alighted on a corn field, in the plain of Montmorency ; and without leaving the car, began to collect a few stones for ballast, when he was surrounded by the proprietor of the field and a troop of peasants, who insisted on being indemnified for the damage he had occasioned. Anxious now to disengage himself, he persuaded them that, his wings being broken, he was wholly at their mercy ; they seized the stay of the balloon, which floated at some height, and dragged their prisoner through the air in a sort of triumph to the village ; but M. Testu suddenly cut the cord, and took an abrupt leave of the clamorous and mortified peasants, and rose to the height of two thousand four hundred feet. He now heard the blast of a horn, and descried huntsmen below in full chase. Curious

to witness the sport, he pulled the valve, and descended at eight o'clock, between Etouen and Varville, when he set himself to gather some ballast. While he was thus occupied, the hunters galloped up to him. He mounted a third time, and passed through a dense body of clouds, in which thunder followed lightning in quick succession : but he,

With fresh alacrity and force renewed,
Springs upward, like a pyramid of fire,
Into the wild expanse ; and through the shock
Of fighting elements, on all sides round
Environ'd, wings his way.

At half past nine o'clock, when the sun had finally set, M. Testu was traversing the air at an altitude of three thousand feet. He was now quickly involved in darkness, and in the thickest mass of thunder clouds. The lightnings flashed on all sides, the cloud claps were incessant, and snow and sleet fell all around him. In this most tremendous situation, the intrepid adventurer remained the space of three hours, the time during which the storm lasted. A calm at last succeeding, he had the pleasure to see the stars, and embraced the opportunity to take some refreshment. At half past two o'clock the day broke in ; but his ballast being nearly gone, and the balloon again dry and much elevated, he resolved to descend to the earth, and ascertain to what point he had been carried. At a quarter before four o'clock, having already seen the sun rise, he safely alighted near the village of Campreni, about sixty-three miles from Paris.

Almost the only useful purpose to which balloons have hitherto been applied with success, had for its object that of military *reconnoissance* ; and in the early period of the French revolution, they were frequently used for that purpose with considerable advantage.

THE PARACHUTE.

To guard in some degree against the risk arising from a rapid and premature descent *aéronauts* have introduced the *parachute*, which is intended to enable the voyager, in cases of alarm, to desert his balloon in mid-air, and drop, without sustaining any injury, to the ground

The *parachute* in its construction very much resembles the ordinary umbrella, but has a far greater extent. That used by M. Garnerin, in the most memorable descent ever made, was twenty-three feet in diameter.

This ingenious and spirited Frenchman visited London during the peace of 1802, and made two fine ascents in his balloon, in the second of which he threw himself from an amazing elevation in a parachute. This ascent took place on the 2d of September, from an enclosure near North Audley Street. At six o'clock the cords of the balloon were cut, and the balloon rapidly mounted to a great height. After hovering seven or eight minutes in the upper region of the atmosphere, he meditated a descent in his parachute. Well might he be supposed to linger there in dread suspense, and to

————— look a while

Pondering on his voyage ; for no narrow frith
He had to cross. —————

He views the breadth, and without longer pause,
Downright into the world's first region throws
His flight precipitant, and wings with ease
Through the pure marble air, his oblique way.

Mr. Garnerin, in his account of this descent, said, "I measured with my eye the vast space that separated me from

the rest of the human race. I felt my courage confirmed by the certainty of my combinations being just. I then took out my knife, and with a hand firm, from a conscience void of reproach, and which had never been lifted against any one but in the field of victory, I cut the cord ; my balloon rose, and I felt myself precipitated with a velocity, which was checked by the sudden unfolding of my parachute. I saw that all my calculations were just, and my mind remained calm and serene. I endeavoured to modulate my gravitation ; and the oscillation, which I experienced, increased in proportion as I approached the breeze that blows in the middle regions : nearly ten minutes had elapsed, and I felt that the more time I took in descending, the safer I could reach the ground. At length I perceived thousands of persons, some on horseback, and others on foot, following me ; all of whom encouraged me by their wishes, while they opened their arms to receive me. I came near the earth, and after one bound I landed, and quitted the parachute without shock or accident."

According to M. Garnerin's calculation, he had been to the height of 4154 French feet. The balloon fell on the next day near Farnham, in Surrey.

(Blackwood's Magazine.)

ODE WRITTEN IN THE CEMETERY OF PERE LA CHAISE.

THE evening mild, the sky serene,

The zephyrs thro' these poplars whispering low,
And all around this solemn scene

That gives the mind a melancholy glow,
My weary, wandering steps retain,
Where peace, and rest, and silence reign.

Declining nature feels decay,

Touch'd by October's ever-withering hand ;
Her fruits, her flowers, her foliage gay,

The Spring disclosed, and Summer saw expand,
She sheds, and soon her smiling face
Turns pale in Winter's cold embrace.

Paris, expanded to the eye,

Her barriers wide and palaces displays ;
Her lofty towers that kiss the sky,

Receive the tribute of a parting blaze,
Ere yet the sinking sun retires
To western worlds with all his fires.

Paris, thou type of ancient Rome,

Thou haughty queen of arts and nurse of war,
In thee bright science finds a home,

Youth enveloped in clouds, a leading star,
Whose rays the mystic paths explore
Of wondrous worlds unknown before.

In thee the gamester dwells secure ;

Venus, led by the dance, the song, the lyre,
Unblushing vends her joys impure,
And many virtues in her arms expire :
But here no more her incense burns
Midst graves and monumental urns.

Paris, behold thy kindred dust !

Here poets, heroes, friends, and lovers sleep.
Canst thou a tear spare for the just ?

Or hast thou charged the stone for thee to weep ?
And taught with care the doleful yew
To bear thy sorrows ever new ?

Here sleeps Delille, his harp at rest :

There Heloise, with her sage of yore,
Their loves rejoin'd, their wrongs redrest,
By envy's poison'd shafts assail'd no more.
Oppression here in vain would try
To draw a tear or force a sigh.

That little cross, that snow-white rose,
 Emblem of virtue, innocence, and youth,
 Tell where the mortal spoils repose,
 Of beauty adorn'd by piety and truth :
 A simple tomb ! but want could spare
 No more to tell a mother's care,

A mother's hope, a mother's woe ;
 Reft of her last sad hold to life—her child,
 And, like a reed amid the snow,
 Bending beneath the storms of winter wild.
 Real, undisguised affliction here,
 Sheds on the grave a bitter tear.

That sculptured figure seems to weep,
 In graceful attitude of studied grief
 Watching a husband's final sleep ;
 But gilded sorrows often find relief
 Where graves must never spread alarms,
 To wound a youthful widow's charms.

What dost thou here, imperious pride ?
 Must then the virtues of the dead be told
 In this abode where worms reside
 And reign supreme, in letters writ with gold ?
 No pious rites thy labours crave
 To gild the borders of the grave.

Death mocks thy care, and scorns thy rage ;
 He clips ambition's wing, and lays him low ;
 Gathers the spoils of age to age,
 Heaps up confused the wreck of friend and foe,
 And from amid the ruins high
 He throws his dart and nations die.

What marble tomb attracts my view,
 That seems to scorn the wasting hand of time,
 Bearing its sculptured honours new,
 And solid pyramidal front sublime ?
 Ah ! is Massena then no more,
 His sword then sheathed, his battles o'er ?

And so thou scaled the Alps, and bore
 Terror and ruin o'er Italia's plains,
 Saw proud Germania drunk with gore,
 And trembling Lusitania dread thy chains :
 For what ? to hide thee here, and never
 Wake more the voice of war for ever.

Here, too, *the bravest of the brave*
 Lies low, wrapp'd in obscurity and shame ;
 No flower breathes fragrance o'er his grave,
 Nor simplest monument relates his name :

He rose, he shone, his course was bright
 As meteor's glare on brow of night.

What sound is that I hear ? the sigh
 Plaintive it seems of some departed shade :
 Ah no ! look there ; the smother'd cry
 Yet heaves the bosom of that love-sick maid.
 See how, convulsed, her tender heart
 Laments its better, dearer part.

The garland wove with tender hand
 She lays upon her lover's lowly bed :
 Hoping with time it may expand,
 She plants the honour'd laurel o'er his head.
 What hand pourtray, what tongue could tell
 The anguish of that last farewell !

She quits the grave as if unseen.
 Now let me read who silent dwells below.
 "Sleep, my Eugenio—thou hast been
 The brightness of my soul—that now shall know
 Nor ray of hope, nor pleasure shine
 Till Julia's heart is cold as thine."

O simple, pleasing Lafontain,
 O Moliere, prince of the comic muse,
 Before your tombs who can refrain,
 Or who the tribute of a sigh refuse
 To brilliant genius slumbering laid
 In night's impenetrable shade !

The stars of night advance apace,
 In silent majesty they make their way.
 My prying eyes can hardly trace
 These names of generations pass'd away,
 Here in oblivion's mantle roll'd,
 Forgotten—as tales that have been told.

But ye are not forgot, ye few
 Whose modest virtues from the world retired,
 Sought not the glare of public view ;
 Whose deeds of purest charity inspired
 Th' afflicted soul, the poor to bear
 Their load of misery and care.

To heavenly harps your lofty praise,
 Amid the silence of your sleep profound,
 Angelic voices pure shall raise ;
 And you shall be with lasting glory crown'd,
 Glory immortal, as your beings pure,
 When these material worlds no more endure.

PHANTASMATA ; WITH A NEW THEORY OF APPARITIONS.

When I go musing all alone,
 Thinking of divers things foreknown ;
 When I build castles in the air,
 Void of sorrow and void of fear ;
 Pleasing myself with phantasms sweet,
 Methinks the time runs very fleet.

Burton.

WE foresee, we shall occasionally be very serious in the course of our subject, though our object will, of course, be rather to amuse than to alarm our readers ; unless, "like children of a smaller growth," we begin by endea-

vouring to entertain one another, and leave off with being frightened at the stories, which our own recollection or imaginations have conjured up.

As it would be useless and cruel to think of establishing our essay towards

a theory of apparitions, on our own personal experience and that of our friends, we propose to have recourse to old Cardan, Burton, and Dr. Johnson, whenever we feel at a loss for individuals to fill our specimens of the various species and genera of ghosts. Indeed, we wonder that Darwin never undertook the task, as a supplement to his *Zoonomia*; it would have afforded a famous field for *Σκοπασία*, in the veteran gentlemen of the faculty, during the last century. *Centauros, Gorgonos, Harpyiasque*—we should really have beheld a phantasmagorian controversy, in which Dr. Johnson would have shone, as to the nature and *substances of spirits*. The friends of the Doctor were almost tempted to believe he knew something more than he ought to do about such matters, as he affected considerable mystery, and observed, “that the belief in apparitions would become universal only by its truth, and that those, who deny it with their tongues, confess it with their fears.” However far we may be obliged to look forward into futurity for the *general acceptance* of the Doctor’s ghostly advice, or feel inclined to place it at the side of optimism or the millenium, we would not, on the other hand, be supposed to agree with those ‘wicked wits,’ who, presuming to laugh at every thing they do not readily understand, can make no allowances for difference of opinion, on a point, which cannot be decided by a Q. E. D.—who not only laugh to scorn the exploded doctrine of sliding-pannels, trap-doors, back-stairs, tapestry, and wax-work figures, with the other instruments of the ancient romance; but wilfully and maliciously refuse to give credit to, and be tender with the consciences of such as profess a belief in supernatural visitations, shewing little sympathy with those, who labour under nervous or spectral delusions, or, indeed, under any other species of delusions or sufferings whatsoever. We should despair of making these “giants of the earth, with hearts of iron, and with ribs of steel, who never felt variation in the weather,” converts to our theory. It, perhaps, is not too much to say, that they would leave an hypochondriac, with the ut-

most carelessness and cold-bloodedness, under a burning sun in the open fields, without offering him an arm; or to sail on the water, in the glare of a patent-lamp; or leave him by himself in his library, in the

“Darkness of chaos and old night,”

towards evening, “rightly prepared to see ghosts, while seated comfortably by his library-fire, as much as if he were amidst broken tombs, nodding ruins, and awe-inspiring ivy.”

But it will be prelerable to give our numerous readers a little advice out of poor Burton’s “Anatomy of Melancholy,” in order that they may avoid a *visionary* taste, than thus insist upon a comparison, which might produce a controversy between the partizans of the nervous and the bracing systems; which last, our cold-blooded wits are very apt to recommend.

We suppose most authors, in their atrabilious moods, must have paid their respects, more or less, to Democritus the younger: whether we should recommend our readers to do so, we are somewhat in doubt. If you should dip into him, you will dive: with the old English “*thews and sinews*,” he has all the grace and proportions of our language, and is the only pedant, full of quotations, that we did not find disagreeable in company, after the cloth was removed. In truth, he has a very pleasing way of saying sad things; and for an hypochondriac, his croak is very inviting, and may be said rather to resemble the American (which is much more harmonious than an English) frog. Though his divisions are somewhat of the quaintest, and his distinctions occasionally without a difference, yet his notes are altogether of that pitch, which musicians would pronounce harmonious, inasmuch as they combine some breaks of discord in the croak. “Peace be to thy ashes,” old Burton! Sterne is but thy shadow: he never was half so melancholy, nor so humourous, as thou. His very archness, his indulgence of playful metaphor, and fine digressive stories, make us in love with him; perhaps, because we think he was not so very logical, and only desired to instruct and entertain. His style has

the feeling of familiar conversation, and his air is that of a courtier, though always rather downcast, as if he were perpetually out of office. This, we believe, was the case with our younger Democritus's bile, which never properly secreted itself, to which, he tells us, we are indebted for his book. Notwithstanding his formidable collections, Burton wrote some excellent poetry, whose *only* fault was that for which we have reproached but one poet of our day besides—that there was really too little of it. But let us hear his account of the feelings of persons before they see ghosts; that is, we mean, of melancholy people:—

“Most pleasant it is, at first, to such as are melancholy given, to lie in bed whole days, and keep their chambers; to walk alone in some solitary grove, betwixt wood and water, by a brook side, to meditate upon some delightful and pleasant subject, which shall affect them most; *amabilis insania* and *mentis gratissimus error*: a most incomparable delight it is, so to melancholize and build castles in the air, to go smiling to themselves, acting an infinite variety of parts, which they suppose and strongly imagine they represent, or that they see acted and done.—So delightful these toys are at first, they could spend whole days and nights without sleep, even whole years, alone in such contemplations and fantastical meditations, which are like unto dreams, and they will hardly be drawn from, or willingly interrupted; so pleasant their vain conceits are, that they hinder their ordinary tasks and necessary business, they cannot address themselves to them, or almost to any study and employment. The fantastical and bewitching thoughts, so covertly, so feelingly, so urgently, so continually set upon them, creep in, insinuate, possess, overcome, distract, and detain them; they cannot, I say, go about their more necessary business, stave off, or extricate themselves, but are ever musing, melancholizing, and carried along, as he (they say) that is led round about a heath, with a *Puck* in the night, they run earnestly out in this labyrinth of anxious and solicitous melancholy meditations, and cannot well, or willingly, refrain, or easily leave off, winding and unwinding themselves, as so many clocks, and still pleasing their humours, until, at last, the scene is turned upon a sudden, by some bad object, (query, a ghost!) and they being now habituated to vain meditations and solitary places, can endure no company, can ruminate of nothing but harsh and distasteful subjects. Fear, sorrow, suspicion, *subrusticus pudor*, discontent, cares, and weariness of life, surprise them in a moment, and they can think of nothing else, continually suspecting. No sooner are their eyes open, than this infernal plague, or melancholy, seizeth on them, and terrifies their souls, representing some dis-

mal object on their minds, which now by no means, no labours, no persuasions, they can avoid:”

“*Hæret lateri lethalis arundo.*”

We may easily perceive, that the patient of Democritus is in a fair way, if he should not seek society, to be very soon in worse company than his own. Ambitious of possessing an ideal world, in which his imagination may have free scope to build in, or to destroy, he never suspects, that in this fairy-land of his own, there are more fears and sorrows lying in wait for him, than he would probably have met with in the more dull material world: add to which our theory of apparitions, lurking in the distance, just ready to seize the incautious wanderer in moments of illusive feeling, or dejection. When Dr. Johnson found himself in the latter predicament, he used to call out loudly for Port wine; and many, he declares, were the solitary bottles, which he had thus been under the necessity of drinking, without his friends. We have little doubt but this was to strengthen himself against the fear of ghosts, which long survives our belief in them, and, added to the doctor's modicum of faith, must occasionally have made him feel very uncomfortable. When we consider what we have suffered in our childhood, we shrewdly suspect that a man is still in the predicament of the officer, who had passed much of his early life in shifts and reverses, and, when he afterwards stepped into a large fortune, could never entirely conquer his fears of bailiffs, at the approach of whom he instinctively fled. Were we to endeavour to prove the appearance of apparitions by the universality of the creed, not excepting the “*odi profanum vulgus*,” we think, by a shew of hands, it would be decided in its favour. Why do we, otherwise, listen with such surpassing interest to a well-authenticated and respectable ghost-story, following Priestley, or Southey,

“——thro' many a bout

Of linked stories well made out,”

as they trace old Jeffrey, old Wesley's boarder, through the windings and crannies of the house and floors. Re-

specting such stories, Dr. Ferriar observes :

"I cannot help feeling some degree of complacency, in offering to the makers and readers of such stories, a view of the subject, which may extend their enjoyment far beyond its former limits. It has given me pain to see the most fearful and ghostly commencements of a tale of horror reduced to mere common events, at the winding up of the book. So hackneyed, so exhausted, had all artificial methods of terror become, that one original genius was compelled to convert a mail-coach, with its lighted lamps, into an apparition. Now, I freely offer, to the manufacturers of ghosts, the privilege of raising them, in as great numbers, and in as horrible a guise, as they may think fit, without offending against true philosophy ; and even without violating probability. The highest flights of imagination may now be indulged, on this subject, although no loop-hole should be left for mortifying explanations, and for those modifications of terror, which completely balk the reader's curiosity, and disgust him with a second reading."

According to this novel method, both for inventing and accounting for, the appearance of ghosts, we are informed, that it is only necessary to have a peculiar affection of the brain, when waking, in the same manner as when asleep, to enjoy the company of whatever beings we please. In this we are allowed more latitude of choice than in real life ; but we observe, that, when the Doctor comes to the *onus probandi*, and treats us with a few instances, these ærial friends of his come in whatever dress and at whatever hour they choose, without consulting us for a moment.

Before we proceed to an *analysis of cases*, we must mention one argument for the existence of ghosts, which resembles that of a famous old judge, who declared, that "there must formerly have been such a crime as witchcraft, because divers statutes had been made against it." Thus, it is very well known, that spirits of various shapes and colours have been administered, by High German Doctors of other times, for the purpose of expelling devils out of human bodies, into which it was supposed they had entered, by covertly mixing themselves with the patients' food. This is curious ; but as to seeing and hearing demons speak, it is so very notorious, that we shall not stop to

mention it. The voice, which Doctor Johnson heard, was probably, one of these ; but which he half mistook for that of his mother, calling, in a loud voice, "*Sam ! Sam !*" Far from ridiculing, or appearing to doubt the truth of our theory, Doctor Ferriar expressly says :—

"I have been forced to listen, *with much gravity*, to a man only partially insane, who assured me that the devil was lodged in his side ; and that I should perceive him thumping and fluttering there, in a manner which would perfectly convince me of his presence. Another actually declared, that he had swallowed the devil. From the most generous motives, he resisted, we are told, the calls of nature during several days, lest he should set the foul fiend at liberty."

Nothing, indeed, can be added to the diligence of Remigius, says Doctor Ferriar, with respect to the forms of demons. He was a commissioner for the trial of witches, in Lorraine ; and as he informs us, in the course of fifteen years, he condemned nine hundred criminals to the stake. The monstrous absurdities, which his book contains, are supported by juridical proofs, most of which evidently proceeded from spectral impressions, when they were not extorted by torture.

In the case of the young woman who was incessantly attended by her own apparition, she may safely be declared to have been *beside herself*. But how are we to reconcile the story of Ben Jonson to our new theory ?—"he being in the country, at Sir Robert Cotton's house, with old Camden, saw, in a vision, his eldest son ; and shortly after there came letters from his wife of the death of that boy in the plague." He appeared to him, he said, of a manly shape, and of that growth, he thinks, he shall be at the resurrection. Perhaps, the best way of seeking a solution for this mysterious coincidence is in the poetical imagination of old Jonson, who confessed that "he had spent a whole night in looking to his great toe, about which he hath seen Tartars and Turks, Romans and Carthaginians, fight very savagely, in his imagination."

"Such sights as youthful poets dream,
On summer's eve, by haunted stream."

The visions of Beaumont are given in a volume of 400 octavo pages. Among these, like the person mentioned by Aubrey, he had two particular spirits with names, which constantly attended him, besides others without names. They waited upon him, by night and day, for above three months together; called each other by their names, while several other spirits would knock at his chamber-door, and ask whether such spirits lived there, calling them by their names, and they would answer, they did. One of these spirits, in women's dress, lay down upon the bed by him every night: and told him, if he slept, the spirits would kill him, which kept him waking for three nights together.

When we reflect upon the fine genius of Tasso, we must regret that so few particulars are preserved respecting the visions, which appeared to him in his cell. At stated periods, he fancied he held unearthly dialogues with a celestial visitant, and pointed to it in the presence of spectators, conversing in a most respectful and serious manner, like Hamlet with his father. This appears to have been one of the few instances, in which the hallucination was rather gratifying than distressing to a prisoner, a lover and a poet, forsaken and oppressed. We wish we could exchange some hundred pages of Beaumont's reveries, for a few accredited visions of Torquato Tasso.

We must refer all incredulous readers to Comenius, for the visions of Kotter and Dabricius, aided by very ghostly engravings, which cannot fail to impress the subject upon their minds. The work is entitled "*Lux è Tenebris*," which, as an Irishman would observe, has rather a *spectral sound*.

"I have shewn," says Dr. F. "that a morbid disposition of the brain is capable of producing spectral impressions, without any external prototypes. The religion of the ancients, which peopled all parts of nature with deities of different ranks, exposed them, in a peculiar manner, to the delusions of the imagination; and I have had occasion, in another essay, to mention the influence, which the doctrines of Plato have exerted in this respect, even since the establishment of Christianity. From recalling images by an art of memory, the transition is direct to be-

holding spectral objects, which have been floating in the imagination. Yet, in the most frantic assemblage of this nature, no novelty appears. The spectre may be larger or smaller; it may be compounded of the parts of different animals; but it is always framed from the recollection of familiar, though discordant images. The simple renewal of the impressions of form or voice, in the case of particular friends, is the most obvious, and most forcible of those recollections. Of this kind seems to have been the celebrated apparition of Ficinus to Michael Mercato, mentioned by Baronius."

On the same principles, he observes, we must explain the apparitions recorded by Vincentius, in the *Speculum Historiæ*, and extracted from him by Wolfius, in his *Lectiones Memorabiles et Reconditæ*, particularly the appearance of Pope Benedict to the Bishop of Capua:

"Alas!" exclaimed the Bishop, "art thou not Pope Benedict, whom once I knew alive?"—"I am indeed," he returned, "I am that wretch." "How is it then with you, father? speak!"—"O I am grievously tormented; yet not so as to despair of the mercy of God, if help were stretched forth towards me, where I do indeed require it."—"Then I beseech you to rise, and seek my brother John who now fills the apostolic seat: tell him that, on my part, he distribute as soon as possible, to the poor, the treasure which lies hoarded in such a chest. O that I were well rid of all I have extorted by rapine and injustice!"

The bishop immediately set off for Rome, repeated his words to the Pope, and, delivering up his bishoprick, died a *simple monk*."

My observations on this subject may be strengthened by observing the great prevalence of spectral delusions, during the interregnum, in this country, after the civil war in 1649. The melancholic tendency of the rigid puritans of that period; their occupancy of old family seats, formerly the residence of hospitality and good cheer, which in their hands became desolate and gloomy; and the dismal stories propagated by the discarded retainers to the ancient establishments, ecclesiastical and civil, contributed altogether to produce a national horror, unknown in other periods of our history. A curious example of this disposition is afforded by the trial of Dr. Pordage, which was published under the delightful title of "*Demonium Meridianum*, or Satan at Noon-day." Among many charges brought against him, Dr. Pordage was accused of de-

moniacal visions, and of frequent apparitions in his house; one of which consisted in the representation of a coach and six, on a brick chimney, in which the carriage and horses continued in constant motion for many weeks. It was said, "that a great dragon came into his chamber, with a tail of eight yards long, four great teeth, and did spit fire at him; that his own angel stood by him; in his own shape and fashion, the same shape, band and cuffs, and that he supported him in his combat with the dragon; that Mrs. Porrage and Mrs. Flavel had their angels standing by them also; and that the spirits often came into the chamber, and drew the curtains when they were in bed." We are not told the result of these singular charges, in which Dr. P. was considered equally guilty in keeping company with angels or with dragons. Indeed, we cannot help thinking it somewhat unjust, that, added to the fright, a man should be prosecuted for living in a haunted house.

Among the less pleasing transformations, with which Dr. F. presents us, is an instance of the lycanthropia, in which the patient imagines himself to have become a wolf—a supposition, we are told, most likely produced by narcotic potions of hyoscyamus and datura stramonium, (query, wolf's-bane?) After this, we are followed by a series of spectres, whose claims to our regard are of a more doubtful nature. We shall still venture to mention one of them, which appeared to M. Bezuel, as it is extremely curious. He had entered into a compact, when young, with M. Desfontaines, engaging that, whichever died first, he should visit the survivor. About two years after, the agreement was fulfilled by M. Desfontaines, who had been drowned near Caen, and appeared on the day following to his friend. M. Bezuel was amusing himself at the time in hay-making at M. de Sortoville's, when he was suddenly seized with a fainting fit, succeeded by a sleepless night. He had a second fit on the following day, and in the same meadow. But on the third day, while he was on the hay-

stack, he had a still more violent attack (they had written the compact in their blood), and this last ushered in the ghost.

"I fell into a swoon," says M. Bezuel; "one of the footmen perceived it, and called out for help. They recovered me a little, but my mind was more disordered than it had been before. I was told that they asked me, what ailed me? and that I answered, 'I have seen what I thought I should never see.' But I neither remember the question, nor the answer. However it agrees with what I remember I saw then, a naked man, in half-length, but I knew him not. They helped me to go down the ladder; but, because I saw Desfontaines at the bottom I had a fainting fit: my head got between two steps, and I again lost my senses. They let me down, and set me upon a large beam, which served for a seat in the great *Place de Capucins*. I sat upon it, and then no longer saw M. de Sortoville, nor his servants, though they were present. And perceiving Desfontaines near the foot of the ladder, who made me a sign to come to him, I went back upon my seat, as it were, to make room for him; and those who saw me, and whom I did not see, though my eyes were open, observed that motion."

The apparition then seized him by the arm, led him into a by-lane, and conversed with him for about three quarters of an hour, informing him of all the particulars of his death. This species of conversation was frequently repeated, while his spiritual companion was invisible to every one, but himself. Dr. F. attributing the whole to spectral illusion, assures us that the approach of syncope is often thus accompanied with watching, and the gradual concoction of a ghost. The appearance of poor Desfontaines, however, was only a half-length, as this mode of halving themselves was very common among ghosts, about that period. We are informed of two old ladies, who were inhabitants of ancient castles, comparing notes respecting their different residences, one of them averring her's to be haunted by the upper part of a human figure, which explained to the other why her mansion was visited only by the lower half. There is, in addition to the variety of spectres and semi-goblins, which Dr. F. has served up, a species of intrusive ghosts, pushing themselves into company, without a meaning or a shadow of excuse. A modern poet, not in the least subject to superstition, though he

possess a pretty powerful command over the world of spirits, accompanied by a friend, went to regale one evening at an oyster-house in Edinburgh. They were shown into a small room, by themselves, and sat down to table. A stranger then walked in, whom neither of them knew; and, from his manners, they suspected nothing of the truth, as he neither swallowed the oyster-shells, nor frightened the waiter out of his wits. In a moment he disappeared, more rapidly than they well knew how—but far from the waiter complaining he had been bilked, on going into the next room to inquire after their strange guest they were assured that they had remained alone during the whole time they were within, and no one had passed

through that room, which afforded the only access to their own.

A young man, a writer in India, was surprised by the apparition of his mother, whom he had left in England, bathed in tears. He supposes this to be an intimation of his father's death; communicates what he had seen to a friend, who, thinking to give him a lesson against credulity, desires him to make an entry of the circumstances in his pocket-book. His good intentions are disappointed by the verification of the vision. As we think this last must set the question at rest for ever, we shall haunt our readers no more at present, observing, that we think many suffer from these imaginary visitants, who are ashamed to confess it to the world.

Paragraphs.

(From the English Magazines, &c. May and June 1821.)

Blackwood's Magazine says, "We are happy to inform our readers that the title of the new work, by the Great Unknown," now in the press, is "The Pirate," and the scene in Shetland, about the end of the 17th century." It will not be ready under two months.

A singular circumstance occurred at Swinestead in the afternoon of Sunday last. During a violent storm of thunder and lightning, a goose, the property of Mr. Harrison, farmer of that place was struck dead by lightning; she had at the time gathered her brood of young ones under her wings, which proved so effectual a protection that the young ones did not receive the slightest injury.—(June 2.)

MR. STOTHARD, JUN. THE PAINTER.

A black and melancholy seal has been put upon the record of this excellent artist. Pursuing his professional avocations with his accustomed ardour, in copying a window of the church of Bese, in Devonshire, the step of the ladder on which he stood unfortunately gave way, and he was precipitated to the ground; his skull was fractured, and he died upon the spot.

GEORGE IV.

His majesty a few days ago, submitted to a surgical operation in order

to have removed a wen which threatened to grow to an inconvenient size upon his head.

SIR JOHN PURCELL.

In the year 1811, the house of Sir John Purcell, of Highfort in Dublin, was attacked by a desperate gang of robbers, who forced the windows of the parlour adjoining to the room in which he had just retired to rest. They appeared to him to be about fourteen in number. He immediately got out of bed, and his first determination being to make resistance, it was with no small mortification that he reflected upon the unarmed condition in which he was placed, being destitute of a single weapon of the ordinary sort. It happily occurred to him, that having supped in the bed-chamber on that night, a knife had been left behind by accident, and he instantly proceeded to grope in the dark for this weapon, which fortunately he found, before the door, leading from the parlour into the bed-chamber, had been broken open. While he stood in calm but resolute expectation that the progress of the robbers would soon lead them to his bed-chamber, he heard the furniture which had been placed against a nailed-up door expeditiously displaced, and immediately afterwards the

door was burst open. The moon shone with great brightness, and when this door was thrown open, the light streaming in through three large windows in the parlour, afforded Sir John a view that might have made an intrepid spirit not a little apprehensive. His bedroom was darkened to excess, in consequence of the shutters of the windows, as well as the curtains, being closed; and thus, while he stood enveloped in darkness, he saw standing before him, by the brightness of the moon-light, a body of men, all armed, and of those who were in the van of the gang, he observed that a few were blackened. Armed only with this case-knife, and aided only by a dauntless heart, he took his station by the side of the door, and in a moment after, one of the villains entered from the parlour into the dark room. Instantly upon advancing, Sir John plunged the knife into the robber's body, who upon receiving this thrust, reeled back into the parlour, crying out blasphemously that he was killed; shortly after another advanced, who was received in a similar manner, and who also staggered back into the parlour, crying out that he was wounded. A voice from the outside gave orders to fire into the dark room, upon which a man stepped forward with a short gun in his hand. As this fellow stood in the act to fire, Sir John had the amazing coolness to look at his intended murderer, and, without betraying any audible emotion whatever, that might point out the exact spot where he was standing, he calmly calculated his own safety, from the shot which was preparing for him: and in this state he stood, without flinching, until the piece was fired, and its contents harmlessly lodged in the wall.

As soon as the robber fired, Sir John made a pass at him with his knife, and wounded him in the arm, which he repeated again in a moment, with similar effect; and, as the others had done, the villain upon being wounded, retired, exclaiming that he was wounded. The robbers immediately rushed forward from the parlour into the dark room, and then it was that Sir John's mind recognised the deepest sense of danger, not to be oppressed by it, however, but to

surmount it. He thought all chance of preserving his life was over, and he resolved to sell that life still dearer to his intended murderers, than even what they had already paid for the attempt to deprive him of it. He did not lose a moment after the villains had entered the room, to act with the determination he had adopted; he struck at the fourth fellow with his knife, and wounded him, and at the same instant he received a blow on the head, and found himself grappled with. He shortened his hold of the knife, and stabbed at the fellow with whom he found himself engaged. The floor being slippery, Sir John and his adversary both fell, and while they were down, Sir John thinking that his thrusts with the knife, tho' made with all his force, did not seem to produce the decisive effect which they had in the beginning of the conflict, he examined the point of his weapon with his finger, and found that the blade of it had been bent near the point. As he lay struggling on the floor, he endeavoured, but unsuccessfully, to straighten the curvature in the knife; but while one hand was employed in this attempt, he perceived that the grasp of his adversary was losing its constraint and pressure, and in a moment or two he found himself wholly released from it; the limbs of the robber were in fact unnerved by death. Sir John found that this fellow had a sword in his hand, and this he immediately seized, and gave him several blows with it. At length the robbers finding so many of their party had been killed or wounded, employed themselves in removing the bodies, and Sir John took this opportunity of retiring into a place a little apart from the house, where he remained for a short time. They dragged their companions into the parlour, and having placed chairs with the backs upwards, by means of those they lifted the bodies out of the windows and afterwards took them away. When the robbers retired, Sir John returned to the house, and called up a man servant from his bed, who during this long and bloody conflict had not appeared, and consequently received from his master warm and loud upbraidings for his cowardice. Sir

John then placed his daughter-in-law and grand child, who were his only inmates, in places of safety, and took such precautions as circumstances pointed out till the daylight appeared. It appeared in evidence on the trial of one of the robbers, that they were nine in number, all of whom were armed, and that two of them were killed and three severely wounded in the conflict.

FEMALE ADVOCATE.

Mademoiselle Bourgoïn, one of the most elegant actresses in Paris, appeared some time ago in a new character, and on a new stage; where, before severer judges than she usually addressed, she not only obtained the applause which she generally commanded, but a solid verdict in her favour. She had ordered a shawl from a shopkeeper, on condition that if it did not suit on trial, it was to be returned. In this shawl she attempted the character of *Monimia*, but it did not produce the expected effect. She therefore sent it back to the shopkeeper, who refused to receive it, and cited her before the Tribunal of First Instance for the price, alleging that the sale of the article was complete; that the shawl had been hemmed in her possession; and that by that act of ownership, she had precluded herself from taking benefit of the original condition. The actress pleaded her own cause; and having proved that the sale was conditional, and that the shopkeeper had hemmed the shawl himself, obtained a verdict against him. The fair pleader left the court in triumph, amid the shouts of a numerous crowd, who accompanied her to her carriage, and extolled her forensic eloquence as much as they had formerly applauded her dramatic acting.

TEACHING A COW.

A gentleman lately riding near his own house in Ireland, saw a cow's head and fore feet appear at the top of a ditch, thro' a gap in the edge on the road side; he heard a voice alternately threatening and encouraging the cow; he was induced to ride up close to the scene of action, when he saw a boy's head appear behind the cow. "My good boy," said he, "that's a fine cow." "Och,

that she is," replied the boy, "and I am teaching her how to get her own living, please your honour." The gentleman did not precisely understand the meaning of the expression, and had he directly asked for an explanation, would probably have died in ignorance; but the boy, proud of his cow, encouraged an exhibition of her talents; she was made to jump across the ditch several times, and this adroitness in breaking thro' fences was termed "getting her own living." Thus, as soon as a cow's education is finished, she may be sent loose into the world to provide for herself; turned to graze in the poorest pastures or highways, she will be able and willing to live upon the fat of the land.

BOY AND HIGHWAYMAN.

A boy having sold a cow, at the fair at Hereford, he was way-laid by a highwayman, who at a convenient place demanded the money; on this the boy took to his heels and ran away; but being overtaken by the highwayman, who dismounted, he pulled the money out of his pocket and strewed it about, and while the highwayman was picking it up, the boy jumped upon the horse and rode home. Upon searching the saddle bags, there were found twelve pounds in cash, and two loaded pistols. The horse was also valuable.

SALE OF SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS'S PICTURES.

The sale of the late Lady Thomond's collection was on Saturday crowded beyond any precedent that we know of. Mr. Christie's room seemed a proud human monument in honour of England's arts, and of her departed favourite. Beauty, rank, wealth and sentiment, formed the living memorial; and the results of the two days occupied with this business may be long looked to as a criterion of the estimation in which our Reynolds was held, and of the value of his works. Well did the scene exemplify Shee's admirable lines, for here indeed the delightful painter

Made a Mausoleum of mankind.

The curiosity, as well as interest attached to this master, led us to obtain a marked catalogue of the sale. There were 32 pieces by Sir Joshua in the first day's sale (May 19); and 36 in the second, the whole number in this unrivalled collection thus extending to 68. The amount produced on Friday was £3236, 12s.—on Saturday, £9882 18s. 6d.—total £13,119 10s. 6d., exclusive of the sum for copies, busts, &c.

The first picture sold was a portrait of Mrs. Hartley, as Jane Shore, at only £18 7s 6d. The first of any large value, was Sir Joshua with a book, to Lord Normanton at

£245 14s. A woody landscape, to Mr. Phillips, M.P., for £68 5s. Lady Hamilton, to Mr. Lambton, for £212 2s.: a View from Richmond Hill, £162 15s. Lord Normanton purchased a Girl, seated on her heels, hugging a kitten, for £309 15s.; though in a sad state, and with a varnish like coarse turpentine, cracked into wide chasms. A Female Drawing, the companion to the Kitten, an elegant specimen of the master, £106 1s. to Mr. Rogers. Mrs. Hartley, as a Bacchante with an infant on her shoulder, £304 10s. to Col. Howard; who also obtained the Gypsy Fortune-teller, at £252. A young Girl, whole length, with a scarlet muf, £267 15s. to the Marquis of Lansdown. The delightful picture of the Piping Shepherd Boy, was knocked down to Mr. Phillips, at £430 10s.

The second day was a grand day of contest. Half the aristocracy and amateurship of the metropolis were in the field. Mr. Morrit gave £225 15s. for the admired picture to which the name of Hope nursing Love has been attached. Lord Dunmore, in a highland garb, a bold portrait, was sold to Mr. Woodburn, for £119 14s.; and soon after, came on the most interesting part of the whole, the great original designs. It was thought that these would have found their way to the king's collection, but his majesty only purchased the Dido on the funeral pile, for £735. The portraits of Sir Joshua and Jarvis, brought £430 10s. Lord Fitzwilliam: and its companion, the Peasant Girl, Children, &c. £420. Mr. Zachary; while Lord Fitzwilliam again came in, at £630 for the Shepherd Boy, Dog, and ruined Column. Charity, the centre figure of the Cardinal Virtues, was, after a severe struggle, assigned to Lord Normanton, at £1,575, the highest sum given at the sale. The same noble person purchased the rest of these designs: Faith, at £420; Hope, £682 10s.; Temperance, £630; Justice, £1,155; Fortitude,

£735; and Prudence, £367 10s.; total for the seven £5,545! Mr. Soane was the fortunate purchaser of the Snakes in the Grass, and a very fine one, at £535 10s.

At the sale of Mr. Kemble's library, there were three rare articles in Old English Poetry which called forth the enthusiasm of collectors.

Syr Degore, a Poetical Romance of excessive rarity, consisting of eighteen leaves, printed by Wynkyn de Worde; £36. 10s.

Here begynneth a lyall Treatyse of the Byrth and Prophecie of Martin, a Poem, printed by Wynkyn de Worde; £26. 15s. 6d.

Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, a Manuscript of the 14th or 15th century; £51. 10s. 6d.

A Collection of early printed Spanish Comedies, was bought by Mr. Heber, for £37. 5s. 6d.

Shakspear's Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies, first edition, inlaid throughout, not a very superb copy, was bought by Mr. Boswell at the enormous sum of £112. 7s.

NEW WORKS.

World in Miniature, containing Africa in 4 vols. It constitutes the second division of a work intended to embrace all the nations of the globe under the title of the World in Miniature.

A History of the late War in Spain and Portugal, in three vols. quarto, is in press, by Dr. Southey, Poet Laureate.

A Synopsis of the various kinds of Difficult Parturition, with Practical Remarks on the Management of Labours. Third Edition, with considerable Additions, and an Appendix, of illustrative Cases and Tables. By S. Merriman, M. D. Lecturer on Midwifery.

Practical Electricity and Galvanism. Second Edition, improved. By John Cuthbertson.

Swan's Dissertation on Morbid Local Affections of the Nerves.

THE MANIAC.

SEE yonder sits, with sad and vacant eye,
Which scarce the wind can hush, his lengthened sigh,
One lost to reason, lost to all her powers,
Lost to the world with all its conscious hours:
He hears the wind that howls around his head;
He hears the storm, but all its terrors fled;
The thunder rolls, the quiv'ring light'nings play,
But all their horrors cannot wake dismay:
'Twas said the cause was love, but ill bestowed,
When the fair fickle object he had loved
Left all, her little home, and friends beside,
To be another's, and a stranger's bride:
And ever since that hour, that parting day,
That saw the ship convey his love away,
He wanders wild, along the sea-beat shore,
Nor heeds the billows that around him roar,
Himself more tossed than the stormy waves,
While reason totters, and the maniac raves;
"I'll give," (he cries,) "these pretty shells, I'll give
Them all, ah, all, to Delia, if she live.
See, see, she comes, I'll haste to give her these,
In her white hand, and on my bended knees,
Ah, nearer see, no, no, I but mistake,
My eyes grow dim, beclouded much of late;
'Twas but the shade that glides along the hill,
Those airy vapours that allure me still:
Oh, horror, madness all, I had forgot,

Away, ye baubles; leave me to my lot,
She's gone, and left me, wretched here to die;
Left me to perish in my misery;
Once I could weep, but now I cannot weep,
Nor will these eye-balls pour their kind relief;
O! sleepless ocean, ever foaming near,
Could I but tell thee all my sorrow here,
Thy heaving bosom then would throb the more,
And briny tears would deluge all the shore.
Hush! did my Delia speak? it cannot be?
I have no Delia now, that thinks of me,
'Twas but the whispering of the passing wind,
That sighs in pity, and is far more kind:
No more of this, 'twill crack my brain, no more,
I call on you, ye vultures, as ye soar,
And ye, all tow'ring eagles, as ye fly,
Whose habitation soars amid the sky,
To have some pity on this grief-worn head,
And from your dizzy nests in swiftness sped,
To dig a little grave along this shore,
Where I can slumber, and be seen no more:
Here shall the waves run dancing o'er my bed,
And here the sea-gull hover o'er my head,
The talking wind shall tell its nightly lore
Thro' the dread night, when I am heard no more;
Here rest this wasting, and this haggard frame,
Nor love, nor madness, more disturb this brain."